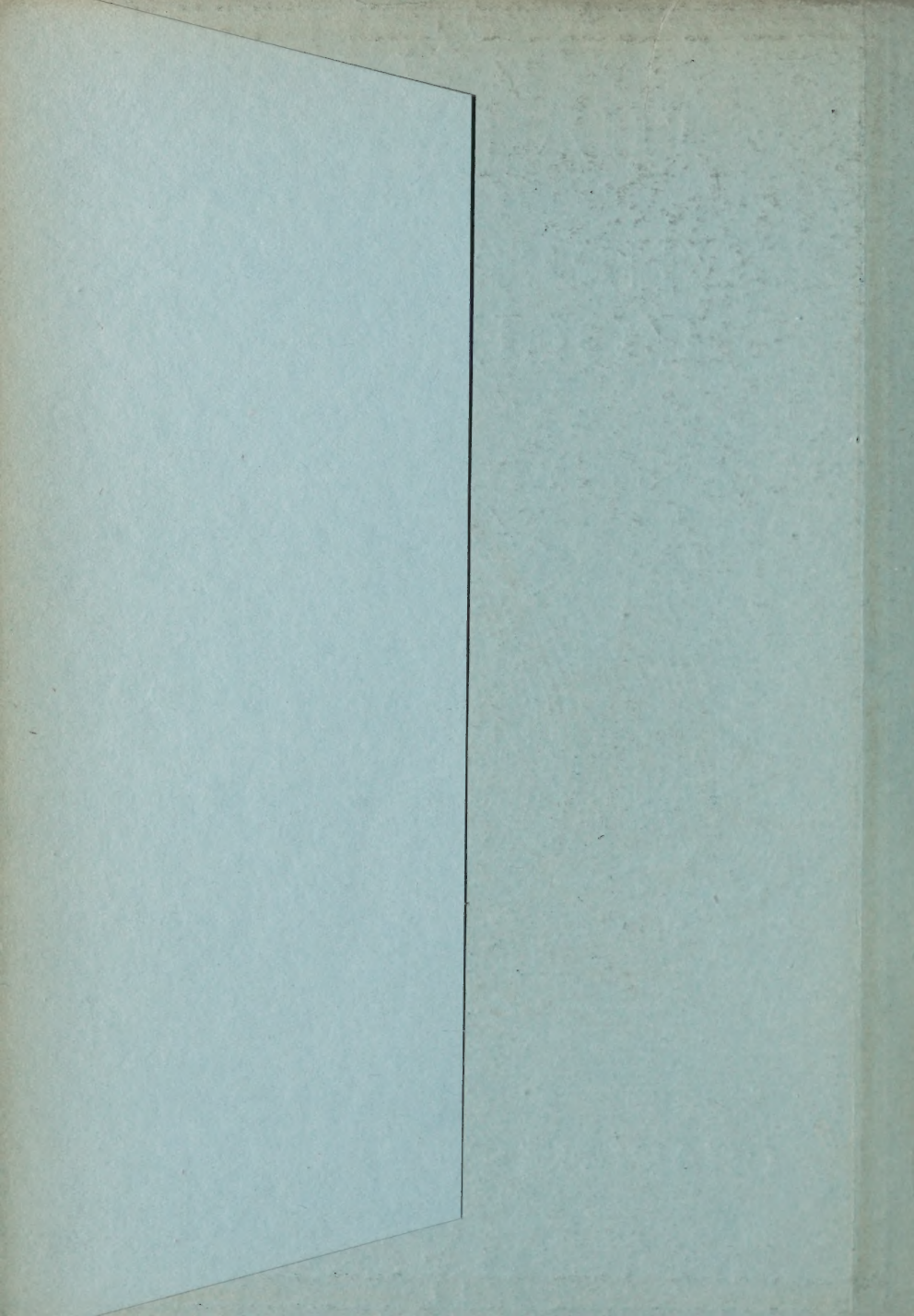


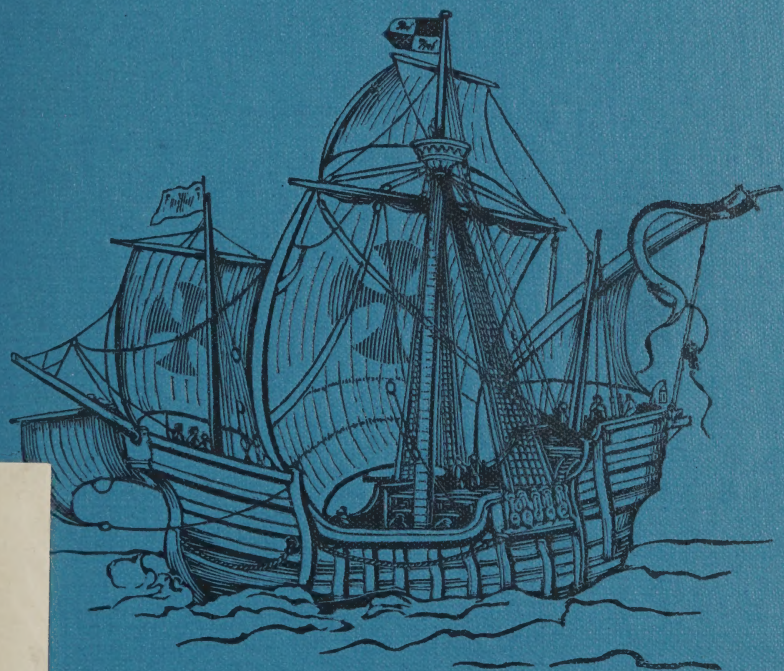
THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



CHARLES - W - MOORES



THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



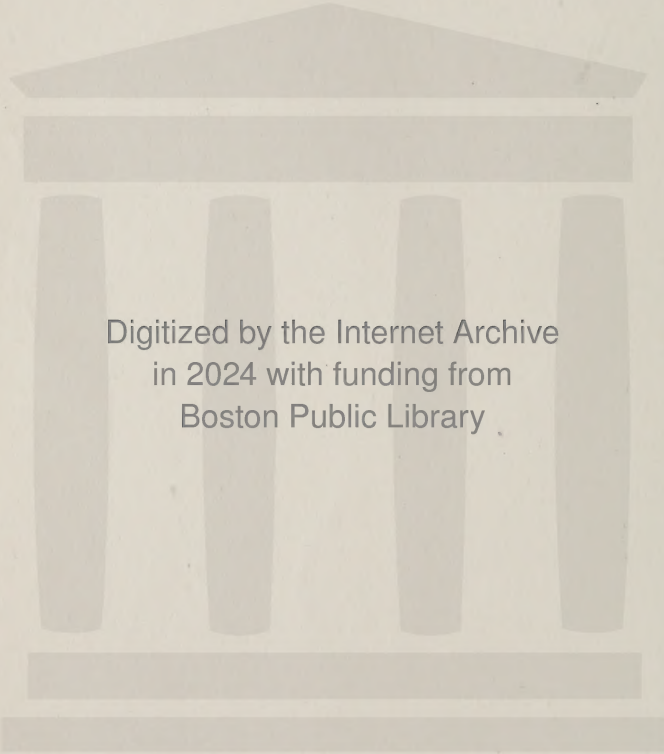
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By Charles W. Moores

THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Illustrated.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



Sebastian del Piombo, *Pinx.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

From the original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Reproduced by permission of
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THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

BY

CHARLES W. MOORES

Author of The Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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1912

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PREFACE

THE story of the life of Christopher Columbus presents peculiar difficulties. There are no sources of exact information about many of the facts of his career. It is not known with certainty when he was born or where, or how his boyhood and youth were spent; or whether he was learned in the books or attained his success through a knowledge of nature at first hand. His death went almost unnoticed, and his burial place is unknown. At best, his biography is a recounting of the probabilities, the story of what the biographer believes he did.

Columbus was a mystic. A great vision came to him, and became the controlling influence of his life. Faith in the vision gave him courage to face hunger and pain and death. Disease beset him and blindness fell upon him. He believed that God had revealed a new world to him and had commissioned him to make the revelation known to men, and that God would take care of him until his divine errand was complete. The value of his life is measured by the vision that he saw as well as by the discovery that he made. Men would soon have found America. But the Italian dreamer whom the heavenly vision led into a new world remains one of the greatest of men because of the greatness of his faith.

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THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

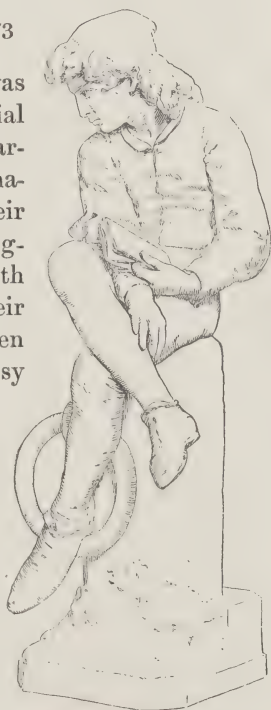
CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND FAR JOURNEYING

1451-1473

FOUR centuries ago Genoa was one of the busiest commercial cities of the world. In its vast harbor rode the vessels of every nation—Spanish caravels with their high triangular sails, coasting-boats from the Adriatic Sea, with their long banks of oars and their brilliant coloring, richly laden galleys from the Ægean, clumsy galleons from the Levant, — built for war as well as for commerce, — ships from Palestine and the Golden Horn, and the less familiar craft of England and the Far North.

Upon her quay thronged men of every race and color. There were Moors from the near-by African coast and from Spain, Albanians and Turks and Greeks, merchants and sailors from Genoa's



COLUMBUS ON THE QUAY
AT GENOA

From the statue by Giulio Monteverde
in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

colonies on the Black Sea, and fair-haired travelers from Germany and Denmark. There were men of learning bound for Pavia and Salamanca, and churchmen on their way to Rome, tourists and adventurers, gypsies and pirates, and honest tradesmen. Along the piers where the world's cargoes were loaded and unloaded, the men and boys of Genoa pressed their busy way, or loitered curiously as they heard strange tales of shipwreck on lonely coasts and of battle with the pirates who lay in wait beyond Gibraltar. In the somber cathedral of San Lorenzo men of every nation listened to the stately service of the Church of Rome, in Latin, the one tongue that was familiar to them all; and on its sunny plaza all sorts and conditions of men met daily.

Genoa's ships of war had just opened a market in Constantinople, where her trade had brought to her prosperous citizens the silks and velvets and jewels of the Indies. "Genoa the Superb" commanded the wide sweep of the Mediterranean; toward the north its nearer hills were crowned with fortresses, and farther back the snowy Apennines formed its skyline. A wall of stone surrounded the old city, through whose pointed Gothic arches the travel of the outside world came and went. One of these arches, known as St. Andrew's Gate, was the outlet for a little street called Vico Dritto di Ponticello, which wound its narrow, hilly way through the weavers' quarter. It was perhaps twelve feet wide and was walled in by tenements, which kept the passageway so dark that even the summer sun brought no discomfort to its working folk. In the street to-day stands a six-story house with green window shutters. In its wall of rose-colored plaster is an iron tablet, which tells us in Latin words that —

NO HOUSE IS MORE
TO BE HONORED THAN THIS
WHERE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
SPENT HIS BOYHOOD
AND HIS EARLY YOUTH

The house became the home of Domenico Columbus, the weaver, and his wife, Susanna, soon after the birth of their son Christopher, which took place about the year 1451. We are told that here were born their younger sons, Bartholomew and Diego, and their little daughter Biancinetta. The shop where their good woolen cloth was sold opened into the street in front. To the rear a long, narrow yard extended to the foot of the old city wall and gave the boys a playground until they were old enough to run down to the harbor. There was little enough of playtime in Domenico's home; for at ten Christopher became his father's apprentice and began to learn the weaving of wool, and at fourteen he had heard the call of the sea and had answered it. From his home by St. Andrew's Gate, young Christopher used to turn his steps daily toward the great harbor, where he watched the vessels and listened to the babel of tongues and questioned the men who go down to the sea in ships. Many things he learned in this way about the ocean and the strange lands along its eastern borders.

The boy did not look like an Italian. His hair was red, and his skin had the transparent clearness that is most often found with red hair. The scarlet in his full cheeks suggested the flush of excitement rather than of animal strength. He looked frankly out of his blue-gray eyes, but his face was that of a dreamer. He threw his broad shoulders back and held his head high



COLUMBUS'S BOYHOOD
HOME, GENOA

and carried himself with the dignity of one who believes that he has a great mission to fulfill.

At some time in his boyhood, it is said, he was a student in the University of Pavia, and for a few months studied history and science and Latin. Christopher Columbus was fourteen years old when he chose his career. His mother had been glad to think that her tall son would grow up in his father's trade and in time become his father's partner and perhaps his successor as a weaver of woolen cloth in the house that his father had bought. Although Domenico had been a restless soul, now cultivating his vineyard on the sunny southern slopes that make the Riviera beautiful, and again venturing to keep a tavern by the great highway into Genoa, he had settled down at last, as he hoped, in his own city home. Here his boys, as they grew up, should enjoy the success that would surely come to them as their trade became established. But the three

boys were born for a life of which their restless, hopeful, simple-minded father had never dreamed.

The dust and gloom of the shop, the musty smell of the bales of wool, and the rattle of the loom were well enough, but at the foot of the hill lay the harbor, and beyond "The Lantern," as Genoa's famous lighthouse was called, was the Mediterranean; and as the south breeze blew and the storm waves rolled into the bay, the roar of the sea drowned the noise of the weavers' quarter. It is not strange that between the rattle of the loom and the roar of the ocean, Christopher's choice was quickly made.

The story of the next few years has never been told. In 1472 he was at his father's home. The rest of the time he spent upon the sea or in strange lands. There are traditions that for a while he was captain of a ship-of-war in the service of the King of Naples, and that when a young man of perhaps twenty-four he commanded a squadron in one of Genoa's many struggles with Venice.

As the commerce of Genoa extended to the Black Sea on the east, and northward to England and beyond, he must have traveled far and have come in contact with the varied civilizations of Europe and Africa and Western Asia. The Mediterranean he knew by heart, and in his journeyings he met and talked with learned men — as he described them, "of many sects and countries, Latins and Greeks, Indians and Moors." It was a life of adventure for the young Italian. There was peaceful trade with the islands of the Mediterranean Sea and along its coast, there were wars with foreign powers, and bloody fights with pirates, and there were voyages of exploration from the Equator to Iceland.

As Genoa was the center of sea commerce it had become a center also for the making of charts and the study of the arts of navigation. Either at sea or between voyages, the young man had added to his knowledge of language and of geography the art of the draftsman, so that before he left the city of his birth he was drawing maps and charts for tradesmen and navigators.

During the years before he finally left Genoa, he found time to study, not as shallow men study, as the mood guides them, but seriously, until he mastered all that was then known of navigation and became learned in the science of that day and particularly in astronomy and geography. Where he acquired his learning the world will never know. The fact remains that in some fields of knowledge he was one of the scholars of his time. Seafaring men had come to know every bay and harbor of the Mediterranean. But, beyond the Gates of Hercules, as Gibraltar was called, lay the Ocean-Sea, stretching southward toward the region of unbearable heat and northward toward the ends of the earth. Although the stars above the Mediterranean were always the same, one might sail toward the south until the north star disappeared and strange constellations came into view, and as one sailed northward the heavens would change still more. And everywhere over the Ocean-Sea and in the strange skies there was mystery,—a mystery that ignorant and superstitious men feared, but a mystery that Columbus loved.

Soon after reaching manhood he made his home in Portugal, where many of his friends were going, and where he was attracted by the interest in exploration which Prince Henry the Navigator and later King

John of Portugal had shown, for within a few years that country had become a great maritime power. Just when and how Columbus removed to Portugal is not known. One story of the removal is told by Ferdinand Columbus, the Admiral's son, — a story which is worth



PRINCE HENRY OF PORTUGAL

telling, whether it be true or not. According to this tale, Columbus was engaged in a sort of piracy, then recognized as proper among unfriendly nations, in a fleet of vessels which had attacked four Venetian galleys off the Portuguese coast. "They fought furiously, beating one another from ship to ship. And so, after they had fought all day and many had been killed, the fire seized on Columbus's ship and also on one of

the great galleons. Now they were grappled together, and neither could get free because of the confusion and the fear of the fire. And the fire grew so great that their only hope was to leap into the water and so escape the flames. But the Admiral, being an excellent swimmer, and seeing himself about six miles from land, laid hold of an oar which Fortune offered him, and, sometimes resting on it and sometimes swimming, it pleased God, who was preserving him for greater things, to give him strength to get to shore."

And so he came to Portugal to live.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN WITH THE CLOAK FULL OF HOLES

1473-1491

COLUMBUS brought nothing with him to his adopted country but the friendly oar that had saved his life. In a gloomy bookshop near the harbor at Lisbon he found a place where he could make his maps and sell them. Old friends from Genoa, drawn together as foreigners are in a strange city, made him welcome; and his younger brother Bartholomew came to work with him and help him. The customers at Columbus's shop were men who had traveled far, who loved to tell of their adventures by sea and land; and, as they traced the outlines of strange countries upon the maps the brothers drew, they talked eagerly of what might, perhaps, be found in the undiscovered regions beyond the western ocean.

Life in the bookshop was dreary to these young men bred on the sea. But Lisbon was a great seaport, and the seller of books and maps had many opportunities there to meet all the travelers and navigators of the time. So the brothers listened to tales of India and Iceland and Africa, and talked with sailors and men of science about the dangers and the mysteries of the Sea of Darkness, and studied their books and drew their maps and charts; and, as they stayed in the bookshop or walked the narrow streets of Lisbon, they longed more and more to go back to the sea. It was an age of adventure and discovery; why should

they not have a part in the great things that were being done?

To young Christopher, not yet twenty-five years old, the most interesting spot in Lisbon was the chapel of the convent of All Saints; for in its choir sang the Lady Philippa. Christopher was a foreigner and very poor, and his family was unknown; she was cousin to the great archbishop of Lisbon — she was of noble blood. But the young Portuguese noblewoman in the choir loft saw that the young Italian was devout; and, as he came back day after day, she began to notice that he was tall and broad-shouldered and carried himself like one born to command. His ruddy face crowned with a mass of hair that, even then in his youth, was turning white, caught her attention. She made his acquaintance. The courtesy of his manner, the charm of his speech, with its slight Italian accent, and the appeal of his grave eyes — the eyes of a dreamer — won her heart. And so they were married.

In the Lady Philippa's home the young Italian learned more of the Madeira Islands, which her grandfather had discovered, and particularly of Porto Santo, the little huddle of sand and rock, five hundred miles out in the Atlantic, where she had an estate. As the sea that he loved still called to him, he and his bride went to make their home — the only home Christopher Columbus ever had — in Porto Santo. Here, in the brief year or two of their sojourn, he could hear the lapping of the waves on the long sandy beach, or the roar of the ocean storm that swept over the islands on its mysterious journey out of the West. In this island home was born the little Diego, soon to become the companion of his father's wander-

ings. These wanderings had even now begun again; for from time to time Columbus sailed to the Mediterranean ports and to Africa and to the Far North, coming back for occasional brief visits with his wife and child.

Life was not dull at Porto Santo. Philippa's brother, Pedro Correa, was governor of the little island; and in the many years he had lived in this outpost in the Atlantic, he had become learned in the lore of the sea. He told Columbus how there had been cast up on the island beach great stalks of cane, a single joint of which was big enough to hold a gallon of wine, and pieces of dark wood curiously carved by some tool that was not iron. And the two students of the sea wondered where this strange wood had grown and what strange hand had carved it. Just such a story had been told to Columbus by a Portuguese pilot who had picked out of the sea, a thousand miles and more to the west of Cape St. Vincent, a piece of carved wood which the wind and the ocean current had brought from some far western land. In the Azores still stranger tales reached his ears — of a canoe cut out of the trunk of some giant pine; and, strangest of all, of the bodies of two men found on the beach, whose broad faces were unlike any ever seen before and whose features "differed in aspect from Christians."

Porto Santo was on the ocean frontier. A few little islands to the northwest, the Azores; a few others south, near the unexplored coast of Africa, the Canaries, — these and the familiar mainland of Europe marked the western boundary of the world.

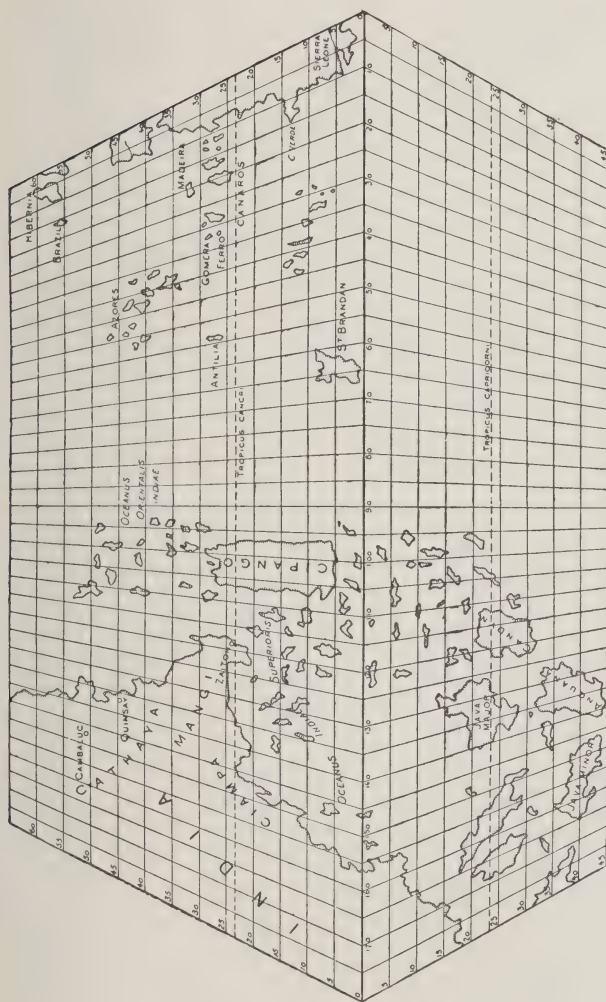
Stretching into the West lay the Sea of Darkness. Out of the West came the storms, and, worse still,

the terrors, that filled the minds of those who followed the sea. Out of this same unknown West had come the fragments of carved timber and the bodies of strange looking men, which had been cast up on the lonely island beach. In the mystery of this unknown sea there was something that filled the thought and challenged the imagination of Columbus.

There was only one answer to the questions Columbus kept asking himself; he could see it in no other way: The Atlantic is not a Sea of Darkness; it is not a dread barrier beyond which lies destruction for all who try to pass it; it is a highway leading the sailor who has faith to unknown lands beyond. Determining to prove this to the world, he left his island home and went direct to Lisbon to ask King John for ships and men. At Lisbon he went over his plans with sailors and scientists, seeking their advice to make sure he could convince the King. He is said to have had the help of a noted Italian physician and scholar, Paolo Toscanelli, whose letter was found among the papers preserved by Columbus's son Ferdinand. With this letter, which described the splendors of the East, Toscanelli sent to Columbus a map showing "a shorter way to go by sea to the lands of spices," Japan and China.

Toscanelli's map is strange to modern eyes. It locates Japan (Cipango) no farther west than the Gulf of Mexico, while in mid-Atlantic it places St. Brandan, an island as large as Great Britain, that is still undiscovered. It scatters other islands along the way so as to make the voyage across the ocean one of easy stages, safe and comfortable.

King John after careful investigation became greatly interested. He secured possession of Colum-



TOSCANELLI'S MAP, RESTORED

Said to have been used by Columbus on his first voyage across the Atlantic

bus's plans, and sent a royal caravel secretly in search of the lands Columbus had described. The royal captain soon met with terrifying storms and came back convinced that nothing could be more foolish than the idea of sailing to a land beyond the Sea of Darkness. Columbus had waited long for the King's decision, only to be betrayed and rejected. To crown his sorrows, Philippa died; and now, for the unhappy man and his motherless boy, Portugal was no longer home. Hand in hand the two walked to the Spanish town of Huelva, where Columbus left the little Diego with Philippa's sister and started on his wanderings alone.

In Portugal he had been able to secure a hearing from the King through the influence of his wife's family. In Spain he was a stranger, unsupported by powerful friends and unfamiliar with the language. He made up his mind to ask help from Isabella the Queen, but the way into her presence was beset with difficulties.

Spain was composed of Castile, ruled by Queen Isabella, and Aragon, ruled by King Ferdinand — two kingdoms lately united by the marriage of their rulers. A war with Portugal had just ended; and another war — a life-and-death struggle with the Moors, which had been going on for eight centuries — had already emptied the national treasury.

Columbus walked from the Atlantic coast to Cordova, where he found the King and Queen in camp. It required some assurance for this unknown Italian sailor to propose his fantastic scheme at such a time. Queen Isabella was gracious to him, but she made it plain that there was much fighting still to be done before the hated Moors, who had held the south of Spain for those eight hundred years, could be driven

out, and that until they were gone the Spanish sovereigns had neither time nor money to spend on explorations beyond the sea. Without holding out to him any hope of present help, she directed her counselors and



ISABELLA OF CASTILE, QUEEN OF SPAIN

learned men to listen to what this persistent Italian had to say, and asked Columbus to wait until the war should end.

Queen Isabella never failed in her kindness to Co-

lumbus. From their first meeting at Cordova, they understood each other and trusted each other. She was thirty-five years old, the same age as he. She presented a striking figure as she rode her splendid horse before her troops, her shapely form in full coat of mail, a brilliant horsewoman and a tireless and fearless fighter. Her hair was a bronze red, her features were clear-cut and regular, her skin was fresh and fair, her eyes were blue. She was dignified but not austere, and as gracious in her manner as she was tender in her sympathies.

Although the Queen soon became interested in the strange sailor, King Ferdinand showed Columbus no courtesy. He thought it the height of folly to take money out of the nation's treasury and give it to a penniless Italian adventurer to be wasted in a search for lands that might never be found, and he was unwilling to listen to what Columbus proposed. The King was a man of few words; he suspected everybody; he was cold and selfish, a hard fighter and a cruel conqueror. While the war for the expulsion of the Moors was to be fought, there was no time for dreaming about unknown lands. And the war went on.

Back and forth, from one walled town to another, moved the Spanish armies. The Moors were crowded farther and farther southward toward the sea, until at last they turned at bay at Granada. The south was an armed camp. In all the land the people's morning summons was the call of the trumpet, while along the great highways the crowd, always ready for a spectacle, gathered to watch the marching infantry and the flying troops of horsemen and catch a glimpse of the Queen riding by in her gleaming armor. Columbus

followed the royal camp from Cordova to Malaga, to Baza, to Santa Fé, to Granada. He was counted in the royal service; but, continually put off, though



FERDINAND OF ARAGON, KING OF SPAIN

never wholly rejected, he found the years of waiting endless.

At the siege of Baza he joined the army for a campaign and fought the Moors; but at Cordova he went

back to his old employment of chart-making and book-selling, for he must needs earn enough for clothing suited to the royal court whenever the great Queen should be ready for him. With a world awaiting his discovery, he was yet without money and without a home.

He had now been following the army for years, waiting his chance to offer his undiscovered countries to the Queen; and the long delay led him to fear that the Spanish rulers might treat him as King John had done and leave him in his old age with his one great hope unrealized.

Without relaxing his efforts to reach Queen Isabella, he sent his brother Bartholomew, in 1489, to see if Henry the Seventh, the English king, would consider his plans. But on his way Bartholomew was robbed by pirates; and poverty and long sickness drove him back to his chart-making until he could earn money enough to take up his English venture again. Years passed. Then Bartholomew saw the English king and gained his consent. But his success came too late; for when the two devoted brothers met again, it was 1494, and the flag of Castile instead of the English flag had been planted in the Indies of the West.

For weary years Christopher Columbus endured the snubs of Spanish grandees while he watched the slow progress of the Moorish war. Earning a living by drawing maps and selling books was discouraging business. Always in his dreams were the far-off "lands of spices"; always in his ears sounded the call of the sea; and yet there was ever present the sense of his own grinding poverty and the haunting dread lest the Queen forget him. At Cordova and at Seville, where his business in this time of war brought him no

return, he wandered about the streets in search of some new way to gain the Queen's notice, his white hair flying, the lines of anxiety deepening in his face. Children mocked him, and their elders spoke of him as "the man with the cloak full of holes."

CHAPTER III

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN-SEA

1491-1492

WHEN the sailors from Portugal crossed the Equator and followed the unknown west coast of Africa toward the Cape of Good Hope, the interest in geography increased. The discovery of unknown lands and the crossing of strange seas revealed a new heaven and a new earth; the frontier of the world was being extended for the first time in a thousand years. In those days astronomy was an almost unknown science, and geography was the record of a very little world.

Printing had just been invented, and printed books were still very few. Strabo's geography, written nearly fifteen hundred years before, a work republished every few years and known as Ptolemy's geography, and a little Latin book, *Imago Mundi* ("The World's Image"), were all that Columbus had from which to learn about the world's boundaries except the maps and charts that told more of what men guessed than of what they knew of the lands and seas far away.

Besides these so-called books of science, Columbus had read with absorbing interest the travels of Marco Polo in the Far East, until he had become as familiar with the riches and the glory of the Chinese civilization as if he had seen it all himself. There was much in these books of science and of travel to excite his imagination and ambition, but there was little in them to help him in his efforts to interest the Queen. The

priests whom he sought to convince thought they found in one of the Psalms of David the proof that the world was flat; and the scientists, who, because the ocean had never been crossed, were sure that it could not be, joined with the priests in advising the Queen to pay no heed to a man who proposed to do what the Bible and science alike pronounced impossible. In their judgment a man must be insane who believed in the existence of lands on the farther side of the earth, "where plants and trees hang downward, and men go about with their heels above their heads like flies upon the ceiling."

And so Columbus's experience as a navigator and his study of books, his eager arguments and constant petitions to the Queen, were without avail. Isabella's counselors told her that it was "not becoming for great princes to engage in such absurd undertakings." Nevertheless, the Queen was unwilling to dismiss Columbus altogether, and encouraged him to wait until the return of peace might make it possible for her to give her personal attention to his plans.

If the war with the Moors should ever end, his long-wished-for chance to add to the glory of Spain would come. To Columbus the poverty of Spain seemed a miserable excuse for putting him off. A few ships and perhaps a hundred men and the faith to send them forth might bring untold wealth to the Spanish Crown. All the riches of the Orient lay within easy reach, — there was gold enough for all in the land of his dreams, — and no one could be made to see it but himself.

Spain had kept him waiting for seven of the best years of his ripe manhood, only to refuse him his dearest wish! Perhaps Bartholomew, from whom he

had heard nothing for two years, might soon report a successful mission to England; or, if England should fail him as Portugal and Spain had done, there was still France. Somewhere, he felt sure, a king would be found to take up his cause.

The final meeting of the Royal Council was held in the winter of the year 1491, at the royal camp at Santa Fé, where the siege of Granada was being directed. When Columbus heard that it had decided against him, he again went direct to the Queen — only to learn that she would not listen to him until



THE MONASTERY OF LA RABIDA

the war should end. Hopeless and out of heart, he left the court, as he supposed for the last time, and walked with his little son Diego to Huelva.

Between Huelva and the sea the river Tinto spreads over a wide stretch of sand and marsh, as it empties into the harbor of Palos. Here its eastern bank rises in a frowning bluff, at whose top, among a group of pines, there stands a rambling, white building, the monastery of Santa Maria de la Rabida, "Saint Mary of the Frontier." By some strange fortune Columbus

and Diego stopped at the monastery gate and, as they watched the westering sun sink into the Atlantic, begged for a drink of water and a bit of bread for the child. The porter talked to them as he ministered to their wants ; and while they were standing by the gate, the friar Juan Peres de Marchena noticed them. Attracted by the man's air of distinction and touched by the forlornness of the tired boy, the friar per-



AT LA RABIDA

From a painting by Sir David Wilkie

suaded them to come inside the monastery and be his guests. It was a fortunate meeting. Juan Peres had been the Queen's confessor and was still her good friend, and Columbus took courage as he began to hope that through the friar of La Rabida he might be able once more to influence the Queen.

The friar was a willing listener and, in the days that followed, went over Columbus's plans with him

and with two sympathetic men of Palos who were wont to spend their evenings at the monastery. These two were Garcia Hernandez, physician and astronomer, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, shipmaster and capitalist. Hernandez believed in Columbus and became enthusiastic at once; Pinzon had the money and the ships and was inclined to use them in this the most extraordinary venture any shipowner had ever undertaken; and the good friar was for making his own appeal to Isabella to consider again this great opportunity to extend the work of the Church and advance the power of Spain.

The friar kept Columbus as a guest while he sent a message to Isabella begging for one more hearing. In two weeks the messenger returned with a letter from the Queen commanding the friar to come at once, and bidding him "to leave Christopher Columbus in the security of hope" until she should write to him.

There was joy in the monastery when the Queen's letter came. The impulsive priest could not wait for the morning, but saddled a mule at midnight and hurried on his way to Santa Fé, two hundred miles through mountainous Moorish territory. Amid the military splendors of the royal camp he was a welcome guest. What the sailor had been unable to accomplish in seven years by argument and petition and influence, the priest brought about at once. Isabella announced that three vessels should be given, that "Columbus might go and make discoveries and prove that he had spoken the truth." She sent twenty thousand *maravedis* (about one hundred and twenty dollars) "to be given to Christopher Columbus in order that he might clothe himself decently and buy a small beast and appear before" the Queen.

The good news reached Columbus in a letter from Juan Peres, who wrote from Santa Fé: "Our Lord has heard His servant's prayers. My heart swims in a sea of comfort and my spirit leaps with joy. Start quickly, for the Queen awaits you, and I, yet more than she. Commend me to the prayers of my brethren and of the little Diego. The grace of God be with you."

Back to Santa Fé, this time suitably dressed and proudly mounted upon a mule, went the patient Italian to receive the news from the Queen's own lips.

Great things were happening when Columbus reached Santa Fé. Granada had fallen. On January the second, 1492, Boabdil, king of the Moors, with fifty chosen followers, splendid even in their defeat, came out of the gates of their capital and, in the presence of a great company of the Spanish nobility and soldiery, surrendered the keys of Granada, while the soldiers, mad with joy, gathered about Isabella, shouting "Castile for our Queen!" The silver cross which Ferdinand had borne through the crusade led the armies of Spain into a deserted city. The banners of Mahomet were gone, and the flags of Aragon and Castile floated above the royal palace of the Alhambra. Amid the splendors of the Moorish chapel, the first Christian anthem swept the whole Spanish army to their knees in prayer and praise.

It was a fortunate time for Columbus. Nothing remained now but for the sovereigns to agree to his terms. The terms upon which he proposed to undertake his discoveries ran as follows:—

Columbus is to be Admiral of the Ocean-Sea and hold the office for himself and his heirs forever. He shall be ruler over all lands discovered, with the right

to propose the governor of each land. He shall have one-tenth of all profits upon the pearls, gems, gold, silver, spices, and other valuable things to be found. He shall decide all trade disputes which may arise out of his discoveries, and finally, by paying one-eighth of the cost, he may receive an eighth of the profits as partner in the enterprise with Ferdinand and Isabella.



PARTING OF COLUMBUS WITH FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

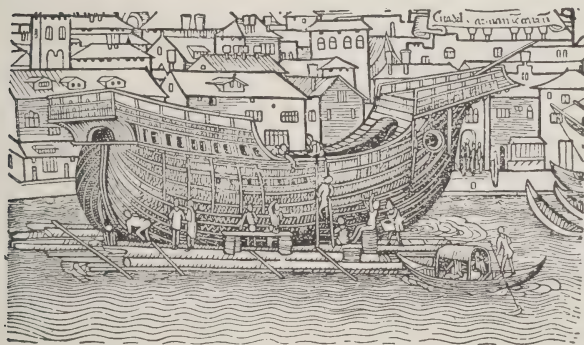
From a work by De Bry, an historian of the sixteenth century

Ferdinand and Isabella were shocked when they first heard these conditions. Who is this adventurer who presumes to tell kings what they shall do? That they were expected to deal with him as an equal had never occurred to them. To treat with his sovereigns on any other terms than those which recognized the greatness of his enterprise had not occurred to him.

It was April before the King and the Queen signed

the agreement with their newly created Admiral. The document commences :—

In the name of the Holy Trinity, . . . Forasmuch as you, Christopher Columbus, are going by our command, with some of our ships and with our subjects, to discover and acquire certain islands and mainland in the ocean, and it is hoped that by the help of God some of the said islands and mainland in said ocean will be discovered and acquired by your pains and industry, . . . it is our will and pleasure that you . . . shall be our Admiral, and Viceroy, and Governor.



BUILDING A SHIP (1486)

Then follow all the conditions which Columbus had insisted upon, just as he had proposed them.

The friends whom Columbus had made in his years of waiting were needed now that the terms of his agreement with the Crown required large sums of money to carry forward the enterprise. Enough were found who would lend him the eighth part that he had undertaken to give. Meanwhile, Louis de Santangel, royal treasurer, offered to advance his own funds to the Queen.

It chanced that the coast village of Palos had com-

mitted some offense and in punishment was bound in this year 1492 to provide the Spanish Government two vessels for any public use the sovereigns should name. To the chief magistrate of Palos, one sunny day in May, came the royal proclamation, which Fernandes the notary read before the assembled people at the church of St. George, in the presence of Friar Juan Peres and Christopher Columbus. There was breathless excitement among the people of Palos as they listened to the sonorous phrases of their great sovereigns : —

Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella, by the Grace of God, King and Queen of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of Sicily, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Gibraltar, etc.

To you, Diego Rodriguez Prieto [the magistrate], and to all other persons your companions, residents of Palos, salutation and grace! You well know how on account of some things done, . . . you were condemned to serve us for twelve months with two caravels at your own cost, and now, inasmuch as we have ordered Christopher Columbus to go with three caravels, as our Captain, through certain parts of the Ocean-Sea upon some matters which are in fulfillment of our service; and we wish him to take said two caravels with him; therefore, we command you within ten days to have the two caravels ready.

Then Columbus presented the royal warrant by which the sovereigns had made him their Admiral, and, referring to the proclamation just read, begged them to "comply with it according to their Highnesses' command." The officers responded that "they would obey the said Letter with due reverence as a Letter from their Highnesses," and that they were "ready to fulfill it in every respect according to their Highnesses' command"; and the ceremony was over.

It was easier for the frightened officials of the village to make the promise than it was for the people to fulfill it. For was not this Columbus a poor foreigner, whom the royal personages had taken up — so far as the men of Palos knew — without good cause, unless it were to punish them? To the men who loved home and family, there was nothing attractive about following the “man with the cloak full of holes” “through certain parts of the Ocean-Sea.” Where should they find these “certain parts”? It is not strange that the men of Palos held sullenly back, making no secret of their anger against sovereigns who would drive them to their destruction upon the Sea of Darkness.

CHAPTER IV

PALOS AND GOMERA

1492

SEA serpents and dragons, destroying monsters of the deep, haunted the regions to the west of the Canary Islands, and even crawled out of the Sea of Darkness onto the charts of the Atlantic Ocean, where they appeared big and horrid along its unknown western borders. In all ages these monsters had been the talk of cowardly and superstitious seamen, and now they had ceased to be imaginary and had become real to the people of Palos.

It did not take long to get together the year's provisions for the two caravels which the little village was to furnish, but the terrors of the unknown sea made it impossible to find men enough who would entrust their Spanish lives to the care of an Italian admiral in whom they had no faith, and embark willingly upon this fearful voyage. June and July passed, and the vessels were still unmanned.

We wonder at the courage of Christopher Columbus in undertaking his voyage of discovery, and we forget how much more courage was required of those who went with him. His sailors had not seen his vision of a new world, and they knew nothing of the "lands of spices" of which he had dreamed for years. To him the Ocean-Sea was a straight path across the waters that he loved to lands that were as real to him as though he had visited them — he had seen a great

vision, and he had faith ; but to these men of Palos who had to go with him, he was only a foreigner who had crazy notions about things that every sensible sailor knew did not exist.

Extreme measures became necessary. The King and the Queen, having once consented to the Admiral's plans, saw now that the enterprise was about to fail for want of a crew. By royal command, leave was given to use force and to compel unwilling sailors to go. A free pardon was offered to any convicts who would risk the dangers of the Admiral's service rather than remain in the security of jail and prison. And so it happened that the discovery of America was due partly to the unwilling service of men who were carried away by force, and to the undesired help of evil men who were released from prison to fill out the crew.

Of the three vessels provided for the voyage, the two furnished by the village of Palos were little caravels. The third, hired with funds contributed by the Queen and by Columbus, was called a ship, although it was about the size of one of our modern coast schooners. It was heavy and clumsy, and was a bad sailer. The smaller caravel was well named the *Niña*, the Spanish for "baby." It was scarcely larger than a catboat. Its crew consisted of eighteen men, under the command of Vincent Pinzon, of Palos. The other caravel, the *Pinta*, was a little larger. Somewhere in its crowded quarters it carried twenty-seven sailors. Its master was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, brother of the *Niña's* captain, and friend and supporter of the Admiral. Neither the *Pinta* nor the *Niña* carried a deck. Volunteer sailors of Palos, for the most part respectable men, made up their crews. Among them were

two whom thus far Columbus had every reason to trust, — Martin Alonzo Pinzon, captain of the *Pinta*, and Garcia Hernandez, its surgeon, — the two who, with the friar of La Rabida, had most befriended Columbus in his time of need.

The third vessel was the Admiral's flagship. It was about ninety feet long and twenty feet across the beam. A single deck covered it throughout. At bow and stern it carried upper decks or castles, which



Niña

Santa Maria

Pinta

THE THREE CARAVELS

towered high above the sea. One of its three masts supported a triangular lateen sail, which was suitable enough for quiet seas, but more picturesque than it was serviceable for ocean voyaging. The great square sails upon its other masts lifted up the scarlet outlines of the cross, an inspiration to its Spanish crew and a message and a challenge to the pagan peoples they were to meet. In grateful remembrance of the monastery where the turn had come in the tide of his fortune,

Columbus gave a new name to his flagship, christening her the *Santa Maria*.

Fifty-two sailors, as strange a crew as ever crossed an unknown sea, manned the *Santa Maria*. There were some good citizens of Palos among them, interested on account of their attachment to the Pinzon brothers; but for the most part they were a motley company, gathered from the neighboring Mediterranean ports, from inland towns, from the prisons of Spain, and from lands far away, — honest sailors, pirates, adventurers, convicts, — men of all sorts. It is worth remembering that two, whose fate it was never to return, spoke the English language. These were Arthur Laws, an Englishman, and William Harris, of Ireland. Among them were a number of Jews, who, by the edict of the Spanish Crown, had been banished for religion's sake. Besides sailors, men useful in many trades and callings accompanied the Admiral — a soldier or two, an assayer of precious metals, a lawyer, a tailor, a physician, a barber, a number of cabin boys, a body servant to wait on the Admiral, and an interpreter who knew German, Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Hebrew, and who accompanied the Admiral that the royal Spanish greetings might be properly translated to the princes and rulers of the undiscovered countries toward which they were faring.

In the dark, long before daybreak on the morning of Friday, August the third, in the year of our Lord 1492, the Admiral and his eighty-nine men hurried to the chapel of St. George, at Palos, to receive holy communion and ask the blessing of God upon their undertaking. In the little village there was some wonder and much unhappiness. On board the three

brave little boats there was some high hope and much gloomy doubt, as the day broke. An hour before sunrise the Admiral turned his face from Palos harbor and "proceeded with a strong sea breeze" toward the Canaries, the "Fortunate Isles" of the ancients.

It was a bold venture to take the three frail vessels across the Atlantic — one which no careful sailor of our day would undertake, though every mile of ocean is known. The men who sailed these vessels had to find their way across uncharted seas without the help of scientific appliances of any sort. It was not possible to tell time accurately, for there were no clocks — only the half-hour sand-glass, and on fair days the progress of the sun in the heavens, to mark the passing of time. The Admiral and his pilots could estimate within a few degrees their distance north from the Equator by measuring the height of the North Star; but when it came to reckoning how far they had traveled westward, they could only guess where they were or how they had come. The calculation of the day's sailing depended much upon the strength of the wind that drove them and the ocean current that carried them. Much as boys might do, they measured their speed by throwing objects into the water and watching them float by, or by anchoring a row boat in mid-ocean with a long cable that held it comparatively still, as the caravels sailed past it.

The story of the voyage is told us in the journal that the Admiral kept for Ferdinand and Isabella. By some unexplained power, — a sort of instinct for navigation, — in his daily record of miles traveled, Columbus was almost as accurate as if he had had scientific instruments. There was something in his sense of space and time, in his understanding of the

stars, and in his feeling for the sea which enabled him to find his way without chart or guide. But from the day he left Gomera until he died, he never knew where he had gone nor what lands he had found.

Frail boats and a lack of suitable equipment were the least of the dangers that confronted him. On the third day out from Palos and before the little fleet had reached the Canary Islands, which were to be their last stopping-place, the Admiral was horrified to discover disloyalty among his men. Twice the rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose, and the vessel began to leak, and not by accident; for the mischief had been done deliberately by the owners of the little vessel because, as the Admiral noted in his journal, "they were afraid to go on the voyage." The *Pinta* was made seaworthy, and her sails were changed, at the Grand Canary Island; and after a delay of many days the little fleet again took up its westward course.

As they sailed among these "Fortunate Isles," the sailors saw a wonderful natural phenomenon. The peak of Teneriffe, until then not known to be a volcano, burst into flame and gave for guidance to these searchers after a promised land a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day. The earthquake which came with it, and the smoke and flame from the mountain-top terrified the men. But the Admiral was quick to recognize in this and in every new wonder the proof that God was friendly to his undertaking. As he beheld the beauty of the island volcano, he declared that nothing should delay his progress, but that with God's guidance he would keep on till he had won success.

At Gomera, one of the westernmost of the islands, they came to anchor and spent some time on shore

while they took in fuel and water and food. This island belonged to the Duke of Medina Celi, who had befriended Columbus by providing him a home when first he came to Spain. During their stay at this friendly port the Admiral and his captains discussed their plans with the people of the island, and "many noble Spanish gentlemen declared that every year they saw land to the west of the Canaries. . . . And all these lands were described as in the same direction and like each other and of the same size." The information that these unknown lands had really been seen and were not far away was most reassuring to the uneasy sailors, as they started again upon their voyage. But their disappointment was the greater when after weeks of sailing the lands they looked for failed to appear. The "noble Spanish gentlemen" who saw land to the west of the Canary Islands must have had keen vision or have beheld a mirage, for they looked across more than two thousand miles of water.

As the little fleet left Gomera, distressing news came to it. Three vessels sent from Portugal lay in wait at the island of Ferro, forty miles away, to capture them. To add to their distress, a calm set in which detained them a few days, but which of course was also detaining the hostile Portuguese. At last, on Saturday, the eighth of September, the wind came up. On Sunday they lost sight of land, "and many, fearful that they would not be able to return for a long time to see it, sighed and wept, but the Admiral comforted them with promises of land and great wealth to keep them in hope and lessen the fear which they had of the long way."

CHAPTER V

THE SEA OF DARKNESS

1492

SIGNS of disloyalty began to appear again. The men watched the gray outlines of Gomera fade into the ocean; and, as they looked across the endless waters to the line where sea and sky blended in the distance, they were sure that they had become the victims of an enthusiast's delusion. The effort to cripple the *Pinta* had failed. Other mutinous schemes were tried. The Admiral found on Monday morning, September tenth, that their progress westward had been delayed by treacherous helmsmen, who in the night had tried to turn the vessels about. "The sailors steered badly," the *Journal* relates, "falling off to the northeast, about which the Admiral many times reprimanded them." Surely it was a patient commander who could speak so gently of an act of mutiny! For no mariner ever unwittingly steered so ill as to direct toward the northeast a vessel bound for the west.

With helmsmen turning the boat homeward while they thought their admiral asleep, and with sailors full of jealous doubts and fears conspiring to defeat his plans, Columbus determined to keep his own counsel and to give out as little information as possible to those under his command. From the very first he kept secret his records of the distance which he believed the boats were sailing, and reported to his men each

day a shorter journey than had actually been made, "so that if the voyage should be a long one, his people would not be discouraged and afraid."

Day and night the vessels sailed, a constant east wind favoring the Admiral's plans and strengthening in the men the fear that no homeward way would ever be found. In the changing colors of the sea and the endless procession of the stars, the Admiral constantly saw new signs that his dreams were nearing fulfillment. As for the sailors, jealous and in terror, each day's record of forty leagues or more made them only the more certain that they would never return. The little daily incidents of the voyage were good omens to the Admiral, but dreadful portents to the men.

On the eighth day out of Gomera the sailors on the *Niña* saw a tern and a jay, two birds that had not been known to fly more than a hundred miles from land. The sight of these birds led them to believe that the voyage was nearing an end. But the next night, when a meteor plunged into the sea, the sailors were convinced that they had embarked upon an evil enterprise.

Wind and weather and ocean current combined to favor the voyage. "The air was extremely mild, it was a great pleasure to enjoy the mornings, and nothing was lacking but to hear the nightingales. The weather was like April in Andalusia."

On the thirteenth of September a discovery was made which brought anxiety to the officers of the fleet. The compass, upon which they had relied, began to change and no longer pointed to the north. The Admiral concealed his uneasiness at this discovery and gave his men an explanation which quieted their fears, telling them that it was the North Star that had

changed as it revolved about the Pole, and that the compass was still true. The first great discovery of the voyage had been made. Intelligent mariners had learned for the first time that not in every place does the needle of the compass point to the north.

Deceived by the stories they had heard at Gomera and by the maps of the Ocean-Sea, with their imaginary islands lying between Portugal on the east and Japan and China on the west, the sailors expected to find new lands each day. They recognized, as they thought, in each day's happenings upon the unknown sea, and in the Admiral's observations, the proof that land was near. In mid-ocean they were filled with hope, and later overwhelmed with disappointment and terror, by finding themselves in a vast sea of grass that choked their passage until they feared no wind would be strong enough to carry them through. The grass, however, kept the ocean smooth, despite the current and the wind. Columbus's historian, Las Casas, who knew the Admiral well, and who spent much of his life in the New World, tells us that "this grass now cheered the sailors, believing they would soon see land, and again drove them to despair fearing lest they strike some hidden rock; and sometimes the men at the helm turned the boats in order not to enter it."

The steady wind out of the east, known ever since as the trade wind, failed them. Variable breezes from every point of the compass and distressing calms added to their difficulties. In this Sargasso Sea, or Sea of Grass, they fancied they had found the surface indications of the lost Atlantis, a sunken continent of which Greek poets had sung centuries before; but their deep soundings revealed nothing more substantial than the water and the drifting weeds.

There were many things here, however, that encouraged them. The water was less salt. A crab was found floating with the seaweed, and was taken on board to eat. Some edible fish, like the Mediterranean fish that they knew, were caught from the boats. Multitudes of birds — terns and sea swallows, petrels and sandpipers, gulls and pelicans, an albatross, and even a turtledove — were seen ; and one morning about dawn a few little land birds, far from home, rested upon the rigging of the ships and sang.

Every sign seemed to tell them that land was near. Eagerly, even in the night, they watched to see who should first discover it. In his serious way — for he was always serious — the Admiral set down in his journal that these signs all came out of the west, “where I hope in that exalted God in whose hands are all victories that we shall soon see land.” This was on Monday the eighteenth of September. The birds continued to come. The sea was so calm that the sailors plunged into it and swam about the boats. Three days later a whale appeared. They were fifteen hundred miles west of the Canary Islands and only halfway across the Atlantic.

On the evening of September twenty-fifth, at sunset, Captain Martin Alonzo Pinzon from the deck of the *Pinta* declared that he saw land. The *Niña*’s crew swarmed up onto the mast and into the rigging of their little boat to make sure that Captain Pinzon was right. The Admiral gave thanks upon his knees, while Martin Alonzo Pinzon repeated with his men the great hymn, “Glory to God in the highest.” But when morning came there was no land in sight. The signs multiplied. On Sunday, October seventh, at sunrise and at sunset, — for then the air was clearest, and the

men could see farthest, — the three boats, never far apart, drew close to each other so that they could be ready to land at the same place. “The sea was like the River of Seville. The breezes were soft, like the April breezes at Seville, and it is very pleasant. . . . All night they heard birds passing.”

This could mean only one thing; and yet, although there were new signs of land each day, the discontent in the crews increased. The men gathered in groups and watched their Admiral with angry looks. Mad with disappointment, they demanded that the discoveries for which they had made such sacrifices be abandoned, and declared that they would go no farther. Some of them in their anger even proposed to throw the Admiral overboard and to return to Spain with the report that he had met his death by accident. “But the eternal God gave him the strength and spirit to withstand them all. . . . The Admiral encouraged them as well as he could, giving them good cheer, and adding that it was useless to complain, for he had come in search of the Indies and he must keep on until he found them. And they continued to sail, day and night, on their way to the west.”

Thursday, the eleventh of October, proved more satisfying to the men than all the Admiral’s earnest arguments and words of cheer. The discovery of green rushes, a carved stick, and, drifting past the Niña, a branch of wild rose, kept every one in a fever of happy excitement. After the usual evening prayers the Admiral made a speech to the men in which he reminded them of God’s goodness in bringing them through this long voyage with so much fair weather and giving them now so many new signs of land.

On the fifth of October the moon had been full,

and every succeeding night the men had tried to find through the bright moonlight the land they knew was not far away. On this Thursday night, October eleventh, every one was on the lookout, the Admiral on the high deck at the stern of the Santa Maria, the men thronging to the rigging. The moon would not rise until eleven o'clock, but the Admiral continued his watch in the darkness. Many of the men, confident that the moon must appear before their search could reveal anything, remained below while the tireless Admiral kept his guard, gaining new hope after each new disappointment, as he renewed his prayers. The ship's bell sounded ten o'clock, and the guard called "All's well," while the Admiral continued his watch in the darkness.

As he watched, he began to fancy he saw on the far horizon a light rising and falling, as if on some sandy beach some one bearing a torch were moving it up and down. It was still too dark to determine what it was, but the Admiral called two of his trusted men, Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo Sanchez. Two of the three peering eagerly into the darkness agreed, but with much doubt, that it was a light that rose and fell as they watched it across the water. If only the moon would come! At eleven the half-moon rose above the water's edge, and slowly the horizon that had been black turned to gray and then to silver. The watch continued. The light had gone.

No one was really sure it had ever been, but the men sang a hymn as they stood along the vessel's rail or climbed into the rigging to see what new wonder the moon would bring into view. Suddenly, at two in the morning, Rodrigo de Triana, keener of vision than the other watchers, saw the silver sickle of moonlight

reflected from a stretch of sand near the sea, about eight miles to the north, and shouted "Land! Land!" The cry stirred every man on board. Sails were taken in, and the night was spent in watching and wondering what the morning would bring forth. The moonlight faded, and dawn broke upon the strange tropic sea. There was no more sleep. The Sea of Darkness had become a thing of the past, and a new world was born.

CHAPTER VI

GUANAHANI

October 12, 1492

It was well that the Spaniards had not attempted a landing in the night, for the tropical island that met their sight in the morning lay low within the shelter of coral reefs that might have done serious mischief to the little Spanish vessels.

As the Admiral and his two captains rowed ashore in their well-armed boats, they passed within the reefs, where the shallower waters lay in their bed of white coral, "still as any well," and as blue as the waters of Naples or Amalfi. In its crystal clearness darted fish of every hue. The land was clothed in greenness rich as the green of spring. "There are gardens of the most beautiful trees I ever saw," wrote Columbus in his journal, "with leaves as green as those of Castile in April." Parrots of brilliant plumage added color to the picture, and mocking birds and other songsters filled the air with music. "The songs of the little birds," he wrote, "make a man wish he might never go away."

As the Admiral and his party stepped out of their boats upon the sand, they were greeted by a multitude of natives, naked and unarmed. Columbus carried the royal standard of Spain, and the captains Pinzon brought the two banners especially designed for the voyage — white with a green cross and, on one side of the cross the letter *F* and, on the other, the letter *X*,

each surmounted by the royal crown of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Beneath these banners, now thrown to the breeze for the first time, the Admiral called upon his captains and Rodrigo Escovedo, secretary of the expedition, and Rodrigo Sanchez, the royal inspector, and the others who had gathered close about him upon the



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

From the contemporary print in De Bry's history

shore, and bade them witness that he now took possession of the island for his lords the King and the Queen, and that he gave it the name San Salvador for the Holy Saviour to whose glory this voyage of discovery had been dedicated. So doing, he knelt and kissed the sand; and as he knelt he repeated this prayer :—

O Lord God, Eternal and Almighty, by thy Sacred word Thou hast created the heavens, the earth, and the sea; blessed and glorified be Thy name, and praised be Thy Majesty, who hath deigned to use Thy humble servant to make known Thy sacred name in this other part of the world.

In that moment of high feeling there came to him the memory of his long years of waiting, of the rebuffs he had suffered and the disappointments he had had, of the wife who had died in far-off Porto Santo, and of the little Diego at the Spanish Court; and, as those weep whose emotion can find no outlet in speech, he wept tears of gratitude and joy and pride.

The man who knelt and kissed the sand and wept, and, in the presence of this great assemblage of savages led his crew in prayer, was yet a proud man, who, as the Viceroy of the greatest of Christian rulers, bade a new world do homage to them as he now paid his homage to God. He was no longer "the man with the cloak full of holes," humbly and patiently awaiting the pleasure of the Queen's advisers. As befitted the representative of the Crown, he carried the naked sword of authority; he was clad in the richest of embroidered silk and scarlet velvet, with all the trappings of royalty; he upheld the standard and the flags of Ferdinand and Isabella. He was in truth, at last, "Admiral of the Ocean-Sea and Viceroy and Governor."

As his men noted the majesty of his bearing, they began to remember that it had been so always, and that, even as they plotted against him and while they most despised him, he had borne himself with kingly dignity. And with one accord they begged his for-

givenness and pledged their loyal obedience to the man who, by this discovery, had become the personal representative of the glory and the power of Spain.

His historian Las Casas attempts to describe the scene thus:—

Who can express the joy of all in the midst of the confusion in which they found themselves because they had not believed the constant and patient Columbus? Who will signify the reverence they now paid to him? The pardon they begged of him with tears? And finally the caresses, honors, and favors which they gave him, the obedience which they promised him?

As we turn from the subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella and from the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea in his scarlet cloak and his bare sword to the children of the New World who came out of their tropic forest to welcome him, the contrast is striking. Of the multitude who gathered on the beach all were young men, less than thirty years of age—"a very poor people in every thing." They were of a light color, like that of the Canary Islanders, and were well built, slender and strong, quick to understand the signs that were made to them, and gentle and generous and intelligent. They were described by the Admiral as a very handsome people, with large eyes and broad foreheads, and straight, coarse hair. For some strange reason, perhaps to signify that they were ready as warriors to defend their homes, they had painted themselves in many ways—some black, some white, some all over, others only the eyes or nose; but they came without arms, and they approached the warlike Spaniards in the utmost friendliness.

They seemed to have little need for weapons. Those they carried were hunting-javelins made of wood with

their tips hardened in the fire or finished off with fishbone. "They know nothing about arms," the Admiral writes, "for I showed them swords, and they took hold of them by the blade and cut themselves. . . . I saw some with scars on their bodies, and I made signs to ask what they were and learned that the people from other islands came there after them and then they had to fight to defend themselves."

The sudden coming of the Spanish sailors was a mystery they could explain only by believing that their visitors had come direct from Heaven. And so some of them were the more willing to go aboard the caravels, trusting that thus they might go back with these heavenly visitors to the paradise from which they had come.

"The Indians," Las Casas tells us, "were astonished and frightened by their beards, by their whiteness, and by their clothing. They went to the bearded men, especially to the Admiral, as by the eminence and authority of his person and also by his being clothed in fine scarlet cloth, they judged him to be the principal, and they reached out to their beards in wonder as they, the Indians, never have beards, and studied the whiteness of their faces and their hands."

Believing that this was a part of India, Columbus called the natives Indians, a name by which they and the inhabitants of the other western islands and of the western continent came to be known, although the natives of this little island did not resemble the people of India and were not at all like the American Indians who were soon afterwards discovered.

The Admiral remained until Monday rowing about the island and exploring it, securing the friendship of its simple-minded people by little acts of interest

and kindness, and trying to learn from them what they knew about the island of Japan and the mainland of China, which he was convinced could not be far away. He found that the natives called the island of his discovery Guanahani, but his questions about the adjacent islands which they spoke of and about the mainland were not understood.

Wherever he went about Guanahani, the natives followed him, "calling out to him and giving thanks to God." Just what the natives really thought or said, of course, the Admiral could only guess; but he wrote his guesses into his journal, and he believed them to be true. "Some of the people brought us water, and others came with food. . . . We understood they were asking if we had come from Heaven. One old man climbed into the boat. Others called loudly to their people to come and see the men who had come from Heaven, and to bring them food and drink. Men, and women too, came with gifts and threw themselves upon the ground and shouted to us to come ashore."

The Admiral was sure that by love these people could easily be "converted to our holy faith"; and he made up his mind that when he should go back to Spain he would take some of the Indians with him and show them to his King and Queen, have them taught the Spanish language, and then bring them back to their home in the West Indies.

Guanahani, or San Salvador, was probably the island now known as Watling's Island, lying about four hundred miles east of the south of Florida and nearly three hundred miles north of Cuba. It is called "the Garden of the Bahamas"; and its low hills, then covered with rank tropical vegetation, are now carefully farmed.

Little did the hospitable natives realize what was happening. None dreamed of the awful destiny which the coming of this conquering race to the western shores was bringing to a peaceable and happy people. Even the outcast and the vile among the Spanish crew in that day of exaltation could not have imagined the record of treachery and cruelty that was to be written in the West Indies by men called Christian. In simple confidence, trusting their heavenly visitors, the people of Guanahani followed them about, swimming to the ships or paddling in their light canoes, bearing with them parrots and skeins of cotton thread and darts and many other things as gifts, and accepting in return red caps and glass beads and little bells and bits of broken glass and other articles of no value. It was as if a multitude of little children had gathered on the seashore to play at company and commerce. And yet within a year would come deception and fraud and slavery and murder and crimes unspeakable, and, within the span of a single life, the destruction of an entire race.

CHAPTER VII

IN SEARCH OF THE GRAND KHAN

1492

THERE were two books of Eastern travel and adventure which Columbus had studied. These were "The Voyage and Travel of Sir John Mandeville" and the "Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian"; and the latter of these he probably had with him in his cabin on the Santa Maria. As Columbus turned away from the island paradise of Guanahani and began in earnest his search for China and Japan, he recalled what he had read in those interesting books and began diligently to look for the places described by the great Venetian.

Marco Polo, two hundred years before, had journeyed by way of Constantinople to the eastern boundaries of Asia, and, after spending twenty-four years in the Orient, had returned to Venice and published the story of his adventures in the land of Kubla Khan. In his book he had described Quinsay, the beautiful Chinese capital where Columbus was expecting in a few weeks to present his letters of introduction from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Grand Khan. Marco Polo had told, too, of the thousands of islands along the Chinese coast, and particularly of Japan, or Cipango, as it was then called, which Columbus was hoping to find in the immediate neighborhood of Guanahani.

According to the Venetian traveler, Quinsay was a city of splendid proportions; its rivers and canals

were spanned by thousands of stone bridges, and its inhabitants wore silks and beautiful raiment and lived in a luxury undreamed of in Europe ; and Japan was a land of “ endless quantities of gold ” and pearls and precious gems and rare fruits and spices.

Columbus was sure that the fragrance borne to him on tropic breezes from these western islands indicated that he was in the midst of “ the lands of spices ” and that the man-eating Caribs who lived to the south-east of San Salvador were the same Asiatic islanders described by Marco Polo as preying upon their peaceful neighbors and eating human flesh.

The Spaniards would fain have stayed at Guanahani, accepting the hospitality of the natives and content to encourage the belief that they were heavenly visitors so long as that belief brought them food as well as worship. But Columbus had convinced himself that India and China and Japan with their untold riches were at hand waiting to be discovered ; and he could ill afford to stay among the simple people of Guanahani, for he must find the gold of the Orient and deliver to the great Chinese Emperor the letters which his sovereigns had entrusted to his care.

On Monday, October the fifteenth, the voyage was resumed. As the three vessels sailed toward the southwest, countless islands appeared. Stops were made at Rum Cay and Long Island and Crooked Island and at the Ragged Isles. The natives everywhere were like those he had first met — timid and, on closer acquaintance, gentle and friendly. Some of them wore gold ornaments to which they seemed to attach no value, and which they hastened to present to their Spanish guests.

The islanders had few possessions, — none of any

value. Columbus was interested in their hammocks — the first hammocks the civilized world had heard of — and in a curious roll of brown leaves called *tabacas*, which they lighted and held in their mouths so that they might draw in the smoke and blow it out again. The only animals that appeared anywhere were birds and reptiles and a curious kind of dumb dog that followed the people about, but was not able to bark.

Wherever Columbus went, he enjoined kindness upon his men. "I would not allow a thing to be touched, not even the value of a pin," he wrote. He gave to the people the kind of gifts that pleased them — glass beads and copper coins and red caps, and small bells to hang to their ears. One gift in particular that seemed to win their hearts was molasses, which was like nectar to their simple taste.

Columbus had taken with him a few natives of Guanahani to interpret the speech of the people in the various places where he might land; and two weeks were spent in exploring these islands on the way to Cuba. From all he could learn, Cuba, toward which he was traveling, was the China of his dreams; and the island of Haiti, lying eastward of Cuba, must be Japan.

His first landing in Cuba was made at one of the harbors along its northeast coast, probably at Nuevitas, where "the country was full of trees beautifully green and different from ours, with flowers and fruit of every kind, and birds which sang very sweetly."

What interested him most when he landed was the report that the region was rich with pearls and mines of gold. This he was sure of; for this beautiful coast line with its rivers and its mountains must be the

eastern border of China, and he had Marco Polo's word for it that China — or Cathay, as it was called — was the land of gold and pearls. Besides, he himself had seen mussels in the river at Nuevitas, and there must be pearls there — “the mussels are a sure sign of them.”

It was unfortunate that the natives put so slight a value upon these precious things, for it was impossible to interest them in the subject; and it was unfortunate, too, that communication with them should be so difficult, for the most persistent questioning failed to bring out the information which the Admiral was so eager to secure. All that he could learn was that the gold they wore was of no value to them and that they did not know where it was to be found.

His inquiries about the city of Quinsay and its ruler, the Grand Khan of China, were equally fruitless. The natives were as little interested in the Emperor of Columbus's search as they were in the gold and gems he wanted to take back with him to Spain. It is doubtful if they understood what he was asking for, and it is certain that he did not understand what they tried to tell him.

From one of the Cuban savages he got the information — or fancied that he did — that the king of this new-found country was at war with the Emperor of China. He determined with all haste to make peace with both king and emperor; and he sent an embassy into the heart of Cuba with gifts and a letter from the sovereigns of Spain, and commanded his ambassadors to offer the Oriental ruler the friendship of their Christian majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella.

The embassy consisted of Luis de Torres — a Jew who spoke Hebrew, Latin, Chaldean, and Arabic —

and Rodrigo de Jerez, who had been to Guinea and doubtless knew the African speech, and two Indians, one from Guanahani and one from Cuba. Surely these four, with their extraordinary linguistic attainments, could make the Cuban ruler understand the greetings of Ferdinand and Isabella and establish with him diplomatic relations which might prove valuable to Spain.

Back through the tangled undergrowth, and over the mountains of northern Cuba, cutting their way through forests which civilized man had never entered, went our ambassadors of peace, bearing the stately greetings of "Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella, by the grace of God, King and Queen of Castile, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Granada, Gibraltar, and the Canary Islands," etc., to the great Emperor of Cathay.

"The country is populous," Marco Polo had written, in their only guide-book. "On each side of the principal street of Quinsay there are mansions of great size, and in its paved streets carriages are constantly passing and repassing." The embassy were told to look out for the marble bridges and the palaces and temples of the capital city, and to present their credentials to the great Emperor himself.

The four days' journey into the jungle gave the ambassadors no opportunity to make use of their knowledge of the Guinea dialects or of the Hebrew, Latin, Chaldean, and Arabic tongues. When they came to the Cuban capital, they found a cluster of rude huts in the midst of the primeval forest. The only wealth they found was the wealth of soil and tropic vegetation; the only splendor was the splendor of wood and stream and mountain height.

There was no need to offer their proclamation of

royal friendship, with its pompous phrases, its gay ribbons, and its seals ; for those who greeted the special embassy from Spain upon its arrival at the Cuban metropolis were naked Indians. But the savages were tender and warm-hearted, in lavish generosity giving all that they had to their guests. They led the ambassadors in state to the chief hut in the village and, giving them chairs as befitted their superior station, seated themselves on the earth around them. The men first, and then the women, came into the room and kissed their hands and feet and tried to find out if they were of flesh and blood like themselves. More than five hundred wanted to follow the Spaniards back to the seacoast, thinking in this way to find their way to heaven. Finally, only three of their chief men were allowed to come. These the Admiral entertained upon the Santa Maria, "paying them great honor."

Disappointed, but still hopeful, Columbus realized that he must look elsewhere for the civilization of Cathay. He continued his explorations eastward along the Cuban coast, putting in at every harbor and receiving everywhere the same kindly hospitality. To one of these harbors he gave the name Porto Santo, in memory of the little island where he had spent his happy married life.

At each stop he set up a wooden cross, "as a sign of Spanish dominion and in honor of the Christian faith." He had trained his Indian interpreters to repeat with hands raised toward heaven, — wondering what it all meant, — the *Salve* and the *Ave Maria*, and to make the sign of the cross. With the help of these willing interpreters, who explained that the Spaniards were good people and not to be feared,

he tried to teach the forms of Christian worship to the gentle natives.

Although the Indian interpreters were eager to be of service to the Spaniards, they disappointed the Admiral sometimes by "understanding things contrary to what they are." Perhaps the Admiral him-

self was equally at fault for these misunderstandings, but his journal does not show it. Certain it is that he acquired some very strange ideas from what the natives tried to tell him, and from what he saw or thought he saw.



ARMOR WORN BY COLUMBUS

In answer to his constant questionings about the islands from which the gold had come, he gained no satisfactory knowledge, but he did learn of many imaginary places which were strangely like those described by Sir John Mandeville in his accounts of China and Japan. The reader of Columbus's journal cannot escape the conclusion that the Admiral, who seems to have believed everything that was told him, and to have been credulous to an absurd degree, must have put into his journal the observations of Sir John Mandeville regarding the islands of the Chinese Sea, without making sure that his statements were really true.

On the far horizon he "saw three mermaids which rose well out of the sea, but they are not as beautiful as they are painted, though their faces look human."

From the natives, as he understood them, he learned of an island inhabited by one-eyed folk ; of another where the men had dogs' snouts and beheaded their human victims and drank their blood ; and of a third island where only women called Amazons lived ; of a fourth where the inhabitants had no hair ; and of a fifth where they had long tails which they concealed beneath white robes.

The mermaids, whose lack of beauty must have sorely disappointed the sailors, proved to be a kind of sea-cow that only resembled the real mermaid when seen from a very great distance. The one-eyed islanders were creatures of Columbus's fancy or of that of Sir John Mandeville. The island of the Amazons the Spaniards sought fondly and never found. The bloodthirsty man-eaters were the marauding Caribs whose name was later given to the Caribbean Sea, and who with their kind in other corners of the earth came to be known as Cannibals. The people in the long white robes were flamingoes or cranes.

Besides these imaginary discoveries, the Spaniards made some real discoveries that have been of value to humankind, and one of doubtful value. It was in their Cuban explorations that they first learned of the use of potatoes and of sweet potatoes and found mastic gum, "good for pains in the stomach," and hammocks and tobacco. In one house they found a cake of yellow wax from Yucatan, which Columbus saved for his sovereigns, and regarding which his journal says that "where there is wax there must also be a thousand other good things." To what use Queen Isabella put the wax from Yucatan has not been told.

Before the little fleet reached the eastern end of Cuba, the Admiral had fresh proof of disloyalty among

his own men. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who in the beginning had been his trusted friend, yielded to the lust for gold that was soon to prove the undoing of all the Spanish adventurers. His own vessel, the Pinta, being speedier than the Santa Maria, he boldly sailed away to the islands where he hoped to make his fortune by discovering gold and by trading for it, before the Admiral with his foolish ideas of honesty and fair dealing could overtake him and interfere.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TREACHERY OF THE SEA

1492-1493

DESERTED by the *Pinta*, the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña* slowly pushed their way eastward toward Haiti. The Haitian coast revealed new vistas of surprising beauty. Stately mountains rising many thousand feet above the sea made the climate more benign than that of Cuba or of the smaller islands. Every new thing excited the enthusiasm of the Admiral. Because "the trees were green and full of fruit, and the grasses all in flower, the roads very wide and the breezes like those of Castile in April, and because the birds sang as they did in Spain," and the sight of the mountains carried his thoughts homeward, he gave to the new island the name of *Española*, or "Spanish Isle."

The homes of the natives, their way of living, and their personal habits and manners all gave evidence of a higher degree of civilization. Stories of gold mines not far away continued to reach the Spaniards. Yet, although the gold itself was not to be found, the charm of the climate, the beauty of the island, and the constant kindness of its people tempted Columbus to linger there. He would continue at leisure his search for the gold which his sovereigns expected him to find. But the loss of the *Pinta* and the realization that the two remaining boats had been greatly weakened by their long outward voyage reminded him that the utmost care must be taken of the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña*, and

that they must soon be put in order for a return to Spain.

Columbus had noted deadly reefs and treacherous currents in the waters along the shore and, knowing the danger, had given strict orders that only experienced seamen should hold the helm. There had been scarcely enough breeze on Christmas Day to keep the boats moving; and the Admiral, who had been on guard for two days and a night, had at last gone to his cabin desperately tired, to try to sleep. As soon as he had gone, the helmsman of the Santa Maria resolved to follow his example and, leaving the tiller in the hands of a boy, went off to his bed. This was disobedience, but the sea was so calm that danger seemed far away. The boat sailed slowly through the Bay of Acul, carried along less by the breeze, which scarcely stirred the sails, than by the unseen currents, which the boy at the helm did not understand. What followed is told in the journal: "It pleased our Lord that at midnight, when all had fallen asleep, the current carried the ship upon a sand bank, which could have been seen but for the darkness. The ship drifted against it so gently that it could scarcely be felt. But the boy heard the rush of the sea and felt the helm and cried out. This brought the Admiral and the pilot of the ship on deck at once." Instead of helping their admiral in his efforts to lift the ship off the bar, the pilot and a number with him seized the only boat and tried to escape to the Niña. The officers of the Niña refused to take them aboard, and sent them back to their post of duty. But the time they had lost proved fatal. The timbers opened, the water rushed in, and the Santa Maria sank.

For several days before this the Spaniards had been

entertained by Guacanagari, a native chieftain who had shown them many kindnesses. To him Columbus sent before daybreak for help. When the Indian king heard of the shipwreck, he burst into tears and, summoning his chief men, went at once to the relief of the Spaniards. By sunrise King Guacanagari and a multitude of his sympathetic people were at work with their long canoes unloading the ship. The king labored with his own hands, pausing from time to time to comfort Columbus and begging him "to feel no sorrow, for he would provide for all the needs of the Spaniards." "The King and his people wept," says the journal. ". . . They love their neighbors as themselves. Their speech is the sweetest in the world, and always with a smile." Thanks to the heroic efforts of the natives, everything on board was saved, "so that not even a needle was missing"; but the flagship was a hopeless wreck.

The king and the Admiral continued to exchange hospitalities, now dining on board the *Niña* upon Spanish food, now feasting on the island on cassava bread, shrimps, and game, and several kinds of sweet potatoes. Probably because the native king was careful to wipe his hands on the grass after eating, the Admiral was much impressed and paid him this tribute: "In his manner of eating, both in his high-bred air and his peculiar cleanliness, the king clearly showed his nobility." He dressed himself in a shirt and a pair of gloves which the Admiral had given him, and a thousand naked savages followed him about, admiring the splendor of his royal array.

The Indian ruler gave the Spaniards two large houses to live in during their stay and visited them constantly. Other native visitors, hearing of Colum-

bus's desire for gold, told him of the province of Cibao, farther to the east, where there was gold in abundance. The name Cibao, as the natives pronounced it, sounded like Cipango; so Columbus jumped to the conclusion that he had at last found Japan, the splendid Cipango of Marco Polo's story. Remembering, as he had reason to remember, the emptiness of the Spanish treasury, and the greed of King Ferdinand for gold, the Admiral saw at last the opportunity to win the gratitude of his sovereigns by placing at their disposal the gems and the mines of a new Orient. But, while he rejoiced in the gold he had almost discovered, he had only to look from his Indian hut into the bay and watch the slow disappearance of the Santa Maria to realize that all the gold of the Orient would be as worthless as the sands of Guanahani unless he should find a way to carry to Spain the news of his discovery.

The defection of the Pinta had given Columbus much anxiety, but the wreck of the Santa Maria which followed it was a tragedy. The Niña was built for only eighteen men. By no possibility could it carry back to Spain the fifty-two who had sailed from Palos in the Santa Maria. It began to look as if the Spaniards might die in the New World which they had found. But Columbus's faith did not fail him, and he was no more ready to give up now than he had been a year before, when, rejected by the Council of Santa Fé, he had found his way to La Rabida.

The stories of Cibao and its gold set him to thinking, and he devised a new plan. He would establish a colony in this place where the natives were friendly and the king's protection would make it safe. The Spaniards whom he would leave could then pursue their

search for gold while he would return to Spain in the Niña. With his characteristic optimism, Columbus declared the shipwreck to be a "bit of good fortune," and wrote it down so in his journal. He adopted plans



A SHIP OF COLUMBUS'S TIME

From a contemporary drawing

at once to make a fort out of the timbers of the Santa Maria, and to build it well, "that the people may thus know the skill of the Spaniards and what they can do, and obey them with love and fear."

The project of leaving this handful of Spaniards

alone in the western hemisphere, among savages whom they did not understand and with whom they could not speak intelligently, was fraught with dangers, despite the kindly interest of Guacanagari and the hospitality of his people. Much must depend on the conduct of the Spaniards themselves, and their past acts in the Admiral's restraining presence were no guaranty of their future good behavior in his absence. Besides, the inhabitants of Española were not all subjects of the king who was now their gracious host; and what might be the attitude of the Indians farther east, no one could tell.

It seemed wise to Columbus to do what he could both to win the good will of the natives and to frighten them by a display of Spanish prowess. And so he gave an exhibition with bow and arrow and gun and cannon, which made a profound impression upon the king and his peaceful people. The Admiral explained to his host that he need now have no fear of the Caribs, for the Spanish arms would protect them. "All this was done," says the journal, "that the King might look upon the men who were left behind as friends, and that he might also have a proper fear of them."

The fort was built, and the settlement was duly christened La Villa de la Navidad, or Christmas City. There was not much that could be done for the comfort of the forty-two voluntary exiles who were to make it their home. Seeds were left for planting, and a year's provisions given them. The Santa Maria's boat was left so that they might explore the coast for gold, and all the trinkets brought from Spain were turned over to them to use in trading with the natives. Three of the high officials of the fleet were left in charge: Diego de Arana as governor; and, as his lieu-

tenants, Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo Escovedo. One of the colony was the nephew of the good Friar of La Rabida ; and among the others were Arthur Laws, the Englishman, and William Harris, of Ireland.

When the time came to depart, the Admiral called his people together for a farewell address. As he bade them good-bye he begged them to remember their obligation to Almighty God ; obey their captain ; treat King Guacanagari and his chiefs with the respect that was due them ; do no injury to the Indians, remembering their duty as Christians to uphold the honor of their faith ; keep close together and near their fort ; and bear their solitude in exile as bravely as they could. With these injunctions he gave them his promise that he would beg Ferdinand and Isabella to reward them according to their deserts. And so with heavy heart the seventeen Spaniards on board the crowded little Niña left their comrades of the Christmas City and resumed their eastward voyage, taking with them ten of the natives of Guanahani and Cuba and Española.

Two days later and some leagues east of La Navidad, Columbus was overjoyed at finding the Pinta. He was not at all satisfied with Captain Pinzon's explanations of his conduct, for he felt that he could no longer trust the loyalty either of Pinzon or of his following in the two boats ; but he made up his mind to make no protest and to deal out no punishment until they should reach Spain.

On the sixteenth of January they left the Bay of Samaná at the easternmost extremity of Española. Both the caravels were leaking badly. The Admiral would have turned the vessels toward Porto Rico to see if the boats could not be made seaworthy ; but the

men were homesick, and, when a favoring breeze sprang up, Columbus yielded to their entreaties and "shaped a direct course for Spain."

For four weeks the eastward voyage across the Atlantic continued without incident. On the fourteenth of February a hurricane arose. "The sea was terrific. The waves, coming in contrary directions, crossed each other and got in the way of the ship, which could not go forward or get out from between them, and they broke on her. The wind and the sea increased greatly, and seeing the great danger, they began to run with bare poles before the wind." To add to their terror the *Pinta* disappeared, leaving Columbus and his precious news of a new world in a little leaky caravel, the "*Baby*" of the fleet, helpless and at the mercy of the storm.

The panic-stricken Spaniards, inspired no doubt by their pious admiral, undertook all sorts of strange vows to appease the wrath of God. Lots were drawn by putting peas — one of them marked with the cross — into a cap, the sailor who took out the marked pea being bound to do some unusual penance. To Columbus fell the lot to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Mary of Guadalupe, carrying a wax candle weighing five pounds; and again, to keep vigil all night at the church at Moguer, near Palos, where they hoped some day to land. Lots were again drawn to make a pilgrimage to the chapel of St. Mary of Loreto; and finally Columbus and all the sailors took a solemn vow that at the first land they should reach all would go in procession in penitential shirts to pray at the nearest shrine. Besides these common vows, each sailor made his own particular pledge of pilgrimage or service or penance.

Again Columbus felt the terror he had had before, lest the discoveries he had made under such fearful difficulties should never become known. And so, in the midst of the hurricane, he wrote his story upon a parchment, wrapped it in a cloth of wax, and put it into a wooden barrel with an earnest prayer to the finder to carry it unopened to Ferdinand and Isabella. This he did secretly, so that when he cast the barrel into the trough of the waves the men believed he was engaged in some mysterious act of devotion. A duplicate of the parchment letter was kept on board in a second barrel, in the hope that, if the wrecked boat should ever come ashore, the story of the discovery might still be saved.

The storm spent its fury, and the little Niña survived. On Monday morning, the eighteenth of February, the little company of frightened sailors and homesick Indians were gladdened by the sight of land. They had reached the Azores.

CHAPTER IX

THE GUEST OF KINGS

1493

THE ship touched at the island of St. Mary, in the Azores ; but this safe haven did not mark the end of the Admiral's troubles. The hardships of the voyage, and particularly his long watch through the storm, had left him ill and suffering. He sent half his crew ashore to carry out their part of the common vow to visit the nearest shrine. Three other sailors had gone ahead to find a priest who would say mass for the pilgrims. This left on the *Niña* the Admiral and three sailors and their ten forlorn Indian guests.

One can imagine the distress on board when it was discovered that the penitents had been taken captive by the Portuguese governor of the island. Not content with this capture, the doughty Portuguese sent an armed party to the *Niña*, evidently with the idea of seizing the boat and all on board. A debate ensued between the Spanish admiral and the Portuguese governor in which much lofty speech was indulged in and many threats were made on both sides. Columbus, as he tells the story, "said that the Sovereigns had given him letters of recommendation to all the Lords and Princes of the world," — the same letters, no doubt, which he had tried so hard to deliver to the Grand Khan of China in his Cuban explorations, — "that he was the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, and Viceroy of the Indies, which belonged to the Spanish rulers,"

and that he would prove it by the documents signed with their names and seals, which he held up from a distance ; and further, that if his people were not surrendered he would go without them to Spain and bring down severe punishment upon the governor. Then the Portuguese official answered that "the King and Queen of Spain were neither known nor feared on this island, and that the Admiral must understand that this was Portugal."

The contest of words proved to be a drawn battle ; but Columbus, fearing that during the months since he had left Palos a war might have arisen between Spain and Portugal, began to realize the insecurity of his position. He put out to sea with his three sailors and his Indians and returned a few days later to find that the governor of St. Mary had thought better of his folly and was ready to examine Columbus's documents and see if he spoke the truth. As soon as the *Niña* appeared the second time, a company of sailors and priests, bringing a notary with them, paid the caravel a visit. After entertaining them as well as he could, Columbus showed them his royal letter and his other papers and sent them away satisfied. The imprisoned Spaniards were released, and the voyage was resumed.

For a week there was fair weather ; but as the *Niña* neared its journey's end, another storm arose. The wind tore the sails into ribbons and "seemed to lift the caravel into the air." The peril of shipwreck was upon them. New vows were taken, and the lot as before fell to Columbus to make the special pilgrimage of penance. The wind swept the clumsy caravel toward the rocky coast of Portugal at a point which Columbus recognized as the spot where he had been wrecked

seventeen years before. "So terrible was the storm that in the village at the mouth of the Tagus the people prayed for the little vessel all that morning."

As they entered the river, Columbus dispatched a letter to King John at Valparaíso, — "Vale of Paradise," — asking leave to stop at the port of Lisbon, where his precious cargo might be safe. While he awaited the king's answer, he received a call from Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese naval officer on a man-of-war, who commanded him to come on board and give an account of himself and his doings to the representatives of the Portuguese Crown. To one who had done humanity so great a service and who was now returning for his anticipated reward of royal hospitality and world renown, these petty tyrannies of the Portuguese at St. Mary Island and in the estuary of the Tagus were peculiarly galling. In language worthy of his high place, Columbus, standing in the stern of his little caravel, made answer that he was admiral of the sovereigns of Spain and that he would not give an account of himself to Diaz, nor would he nor any of his men leave the *Niña* save under compulsion, and that "it was the custom of the Admirals of Castile rather to die than to submit."

This brave answer had its due effect. Examining Columbus's commission as admiral and finding it satisfactory, the Portuguese official returned next day to pay the Spaniard a ceremonial visit with a band of fifes and drums. Elaborate courtesies were exchanged, as befitted the rank of the Spanish guest; but the sting of humiliation to which he had been subjected, Columbus did not easily forget.

The annoying exactions of the Portuguese ceased. Visitors of every station came to the caravel and ad-

mired its cargo of wonderful things, "and all gave infinite thanks to our Lord for so wide an increase of Christianity that had been granted to the Sovereigns of Castile."

It was a proud day for Columbus when he was able to accept the royal hospitality at Valparaiso, and, as the guest of honor, to recount his achievements to the very king who eight years before had rejected his offers and tried to rob him of his fame. King John had been urged to put Columbus to death and so deprive Spain of the benefit of his discoveries, but he proved himself kingly by "showing the Admiral honor and much favor"; he gave him freely whatever he needed, and, when he left, sent a troop of knights to ride with him as escort on his way. He offered Columbus safe conduct, with a special guard to cross Portugal with him to the Spanish border; but Columbus chose to return in the *Niña* to the little port of Palos from which his fleet had sailed with such deep misgivings seven months before.

With favoring winds the caravel reached the mouth of the Tinto, and at noon on Friday, the fifteenth of March, 1493, rode on the incoming tide across the bar and into the harbor of Palos. On the way to Palos, Columbus had written letters to a number of his friends announcing briefly the results of the voyage. One of these he dispatched from Palos harbor to Rafael Sanchez, royal treasurer. It shows that Columbus was not unmindful of the greatness of his discoveries, for it closes with these words:—

And now ought the King, Queen, Princes, and all their dominions, as well as the whole of Christendom, to give thanks to our Saviour who has granted us such a victory and great success. Let processions be ordered, let solemn festi-

vals be celebrated, let the temples be filled with boughs and with flowers. Let Christ rejoice on earth as he does in heaven to witness the coming salvation of so many people.

For many weeks tempests had swept the eastern coast of the Atlantic. The winter had been one of the most fearful within the memory of man; and the people of Palos, remembering the season's storms and shipwrecks, had long despaired of ever seeing their kinsmen of Columbus's fleet. As the *Niña* entered the harbor of Palos, the citizens marched in procession to greet the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, proud that so great honor had come to their little village and overjoyed at the safe return of those whom they had given up for lost. Very few — not more than a dozen — of the sailors of Palos and its neighboring towns, Moguer and Huelva, returned in the *Niña*; but the news that the *Pinta* was probably safe somewhere and that the rest of the three crews had been left alive in *Española* was reassuring.

There were vows to fulfill for all on board who recognized God's protection in their escape from the peril of the sea. For all but Columbus there were kindred and friends to greet. Doubtless the good friar of La Rabida was the first to welcome the returning wanderers, — to embrace Columbus and rejoice with him that the plans the two had worked out together had succeeded in such a wonderful way, and perhaps to express his sorrow that the nephew he had entrusted to Columbus's care was still in far-away La Navidad.

Toward evening, to the great surprise of all, the *Pinta* came into the harbor. In the valley of the Tinto the cup of joy was running over. But Martin Alonzo Pinzon, commander of the truant vessel, had no share

in the rejoicing. After deserting the Admiral at the Azores, Captain Pinzon had hastened homeward, reaching land at Bayona, on the northwest coast of Spain, several days before the Niña reached Palos. Thinking to deprive Christopher Columbus of the glory of his discovery, Pinzon dispatched a messenger in haste to Ferdinand and Isabella to announce his return from the



THE TRIUMPH OF COLUMBUS

From a contemporary sketch preserved in the State House, Genoa. The figure beside Columbus represents Providence. Constancy, Tolerance, Victory, and Hope attend the hero; above, Fame is blowing trumpets

Indies and ask an opportunity to bring the great news to his sovereigns. But the King and the Queen were faithful to their Admiral; and, though not yet assured of his safe return, they were unwilling to receive the news from any one else. Pinzon, deserter and traitor to his commander, continued his voyage to Palos, where he was received with the silence of dishonor. Remembering how he had broken the faith he had

pledged to Columbus and had twice deserted him in time of danger, he could not fail to recognize that he merited his disgrace. Retiring to his home he died a few days later.

Columbus at once sent dispatches to Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona ; and, leaving behind him at Palos three of his Indians who were too ill to travel farther, he moved on with all his treasures and six of his Indians to Seville, where he awaited the bidding of his sovereigns.

The royal response must have brought gladness to the Admiral's heart, for it was signed "I, the King" and "I, the Queen," and it was addressed "By the King and Queen ; to Don Christopher Columbus, their Admiral of the Ocean, and Viceroy and Governor of the islands which have been discovered in the Indies." "May it please God," the royal letter read, "to reward you for what you have done for His service! As for us, you may be assured of many favors such as your labors have so well earned." It bade him commence his arrangements for a second voyage to the Indies and "hasten as much as possible," and with it came the command to come to Barcelona.

It was a queer cavalcade that moved across the Spanish peninsula through gaping crowds gathered along the highway all the way from Seville to Barcelona. There were forty gorgeous live parrots like those of India to give noise and color to the parade, and many other bright-colored birds ; and there were beasts and reptiles, alive and stuffed, and tropical fruits and vegetables and plants, and tobacco and gum and spices and hammocks. Strangest of all to Spanish eyes, there rode for the first time on horseback a troop of miserable Indians, painted, and bedecked with gold, and

wearing clothing, which added little to their happiness or comfort. At the head of the procession rode Don Christopher Columbus, the Admiral, in his cloak of scarlet velvet, with the trappings of authority and the banners and the flags of peaceful conquest, the happiest and the proudest man in all the world.

CHAPTER X

JOY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF SORROW

1493

COLUMBUS reached Barcelona on the far Mediterranean coast in April. A royal reception had been made ready for him. The throne was set up in one of the public places beneath a canopy of cloth of gold ; and there the King and the Queen, with the little Prince, Don Juan, and a great company of nobles and dignitaries, awaited his coming. He entered the royal presence dressed much as he had been when he took possession of Guanahani, in all the magnificence of a Castilian admiral, his cloak of scarlet hanging from his broad shoulders. And now, as then, his head was bared, and his white hair flying free.

He knelt to kiss the hands of the sovereigns he had served so well. When he rose to give an account of himself, standing, as was expected of a subject, the King and Queen invited him to sit in their presence, as their equal, and tell them the whole story of his discoveries. He had brought his six painted Indians and with them a quantity of curious gifts from the New World ; and, as his story advanced, he showed these strange products of the Indies to his sovereigns. There was much to show and much to tell. When at last his story came to an end, the King and the Queen and the little Prince knelt at the foot of the throne and, with tears of happy excitement, returned their thanks to God. And then the music of the royal or-

chestra burst forth, and the great choir sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the service was over.

The Admiral's earliest historian, Las Casas, then a young student for the priesthood, recounts the event at some length in his "History of the Indies." Speaking of the feelings of those present, he says, "Who can describe the tears which sprang from the Royal eyes and from the eyes of many Noblemen who were there, and of all the persons of the Royal House? What joy, what pleasure, what ecstasy, bathed the hearts of all!"

The story of the discovery of an ocean pathway to the Far East, where there were countries to possess that were greater and richer than Spain itself, awoke varying emotions among Columbus's hearers. To the men of rank who had found life a dull affair since the war with the Moors had ended, it opened up a new world of adventure. To King Ferdinand, whose ambition had been too long thwarted by his nation's poverty, it offered untold wealth for the Spanish Crown. To Queen Isabella, a woman of deep and passionate piety, it promised larger opportunities for the extension of the Christian faith among the heathen whom she longed to help. But to Christopher Columbus it was the supreme hour, the realization of a life-long hope, — a dream come true.

The royal reception was the beginning of a series of extraordinary attentions from the King and Queen and from the grandees of Spain. As Columbus went from the throne to the inn where his sovereigns had made provision for his entertainment, the whole court went with him. In the days that followed, he enjoyed an honor accorded to no one else; for he was permitted to ride beside the King and Prince Juan. He was

the man of the hour. To complete his exaltation, his patent of nobility was confirmed; and a coat of arms, approved by the sovereigns, was given him — an at-



THE ARMS OF COLUMBUS

tention that showed the supreme regard in which they held him. This coat of arms, which his descendants, the Dukes of Veragua, still bear, carries in its upper half the emblems of royalty, the lion and the castle of Spain, and, beneath, five anchors in a blue background, and a multitude of golden islands in a silver sea.

The sovereigns now awarded to him the pension which they had promised to the first discoverer of land. Columbus has been greatly blamed for taking

this pension instead of permitting it to go to Rodrigo de Triana, whose eyes first beheld the sands of Guahani as they sparkled in the moonlight on the morning of October 12, 1492. There seems to be little doubt, however, that the light really existed which Columbus had seen upon this same island a few hours earlier; and it is possible that the honor which the common sailor claimed was withheld because he was one of the crew of the *Pinta*, which returned in deserved disgrace because of its many mutinies and its final desertion of the Admiral's cause. The pension was more of an honor than a source of enrichment,

for it amounted to only five dollars a month ; but the sailor who felt that in losing it he had been deeply wronged is said to have forsworn his Christian faith and left Spain to become a follower of Mahomet.

The news of Columbus's discoveries had begun to spread to other lands ; and while current history tells us little of how the news was received, it was counted in England, according to the old-fashioned comment of Sebastian Cabot, "a thing more divine than human." Peter Martyr, the greatest chronicler of the time, wrote thus from Barcelona a month later : "A certain Christopher Colonus, returned from the Antipodes. He had obtained for the purpose three ships from my sovereigns with much difficulty because the ideas he expressed were considered extravagant. He came back and brought specimens of many precious things, especially gold, which those regions naturally produce." Peter Martyr was moved to tears by the excitement which the story of the discovery occasioned, and the opportunity it offered "to talk with people who have seen all this." So great was the ignorance of the times, however, that few except the men of learning and the nobles of the Spanish court, understood or realized the importance of what Columbus had done. Columbus himself recognized the importance of his discoveries, but he never knew what he had discovered.

It was to be expected that Portugal would claim the lands that Columbus had discovered, and that other countries would send out expeditions to take possession of them and thus deprive Spain of the fruits of the discovery. Accordingly, Ferdinand and Isabella at once applied to Alexander, the Pope, for a decree awarding to Spain the sovereignty over all the lands

that Columbus had found. A former pope had granted to Portugal the title to whatever it might discover in its explorations along the African coast and toward the Far East. It had now become important that the conflicting claims of the two countries be settled. The Pope, assuming control over all matters in which Christian nations were interested, fixed a line running south from the North Pole at a distance of several hundred miles west of the Azores, and awarded to Spain whatever lay beyond that line, and to Portugal everything to the east of it. The award of the Pope was not enough to insure Spanish control of the newly discovered lands, and Columbus was commanded to organize at once a second expedition, which should go into the West and take possession of the "lands of spices."

The Admiral sent to France for his brother Bartholomew, and, with a gift for his father at the old home near Genoa, he sent an invitation to his youngest brother Diego to become a member of the second expedition. Bartholomew did not receive his invitation in time, but Diego gave up the weaver's trade to enter the Admiral's service and accepted a position of some consequence in the fleet under his eldest brother's command.

Columbus found it easier this time to make up a crew for the voyage. One of the historians of that day tells us that "hereupon there arose so extraordinary a desire to travel among the Spaniards that they were ready to leap into the sea to swim, if it had been possible, unto these new lands." Fifteen hundred Spaniards, eager to make their fortunes in India and China and Japan, were permitted to go upon the second voyage; and seventeen vessels were put at the

Admiral's disposal. These boats carried cattle and horses, implements for farm and mine, and all the supplies that a new colony would require. Christopher Columbus held many conferences with his sovereigns,



BARTHOLOMEW COLUMBUS

and they laid their plans together for the occupancy and conquest of the lands beyond the sea. This time more men and boats were to be had than the Admiral knew how to use.

Seven Indians who had survived the rigors of civil-

ization sailed from Cadiz in the second expedition to the New World, but five of these died before the voyage ended. It would be interesting if history could tell the impressions these simple people had of the splendors of the Castilian court, of the wonders of Moorish and Spanish architecture which they beheld, and of the stateliness of the worship of the church into whose faith they had been baptized in childlike innocence. Whatever they may have thought of it all, the two who finally came to Española continued to the end the steadfast friends of Christopher Columbus.

Among the multitude that sailed on this voyage, only one is known to have accompanied Columbus the year before. This was Juan de la Cosa, pilot of the ill-fated *Santa Maria* and a famous navigator. There were others in the company whose names the world remembers : Amerigo Vespucci, the Italian explorer from whom America got its name ; Juan Ponce de Leon, who sought the fountain of eternal youth and found Florida ; and Pedro de Las Casas, father of the great historian of the Indies. And among the seventeen vessels, large and small, a place was found for the dauntless little *Niña*.

A rumor that Portugal was preparing to send out a rival expedition found ready credence. Columbus had abundant reason to fear what Portugal might do ; for Portugal was still monarch of the seas, and Portugal still hated Spain. There was accordingly every reason for haste if the plans of Portugal were to be thwarted. In a few weeks the big fleet was ready in the harbor of Cadiz ; and on the twenty-fifth of September, 1493, the sails were set, Columbus said a tender good-bye to his two sons, Diego and Ferdinand, and the second voyage began.

The crossing of the Atlantic, which really started, as before, at Gomera in the Canary Islands, continued from Monday, the seventh of October, until Sunday, the third of November, when at sunrise the lookout on the Admiral's flagship, the *Marigalante*,



AMERIGO VESPUCCI

From a fresco by Domenico Ghirlandajo, in the Church Ognissanti, Florence

discovered a little island in the Caribbees, to which Columbus gave the name *Dominica* in honor of the day of its discovery.

Among the multitudinous islands of the Caribbean Sea they found in many of the native huts what the

Admiral had been told to expect, the evidence of cannibalism, the hideous fragments of human bodies, upon which the Caribbean natives had been said to feast.

From Dominica to Haiti, islands, large and small, lay like stepping-stones all along the way; and the Admiral's ingenuity was taxed to find names for them. The largest of one group of barren little islands he called St. Ursula, naming the rest "The Eleven Thousand Virgins." To Porto Rico, the most important land discovered, he gave the name San Juan in honor of St. John the Baptist. Few stops were made, for the Admiral was anxious to press on toward La Navidad, where the little colony of forty-two men had been left eleven months before.

As the fleet anchored in the Bay of Acul, the Admiral ordered cannon to be fired to see if the Spaniards they sought would return the salute. It was night, and they could see little; but there were no answering guns, no lights or fires, and no signs of human habitation. About midnight a party of Indians in a canoe paddled out to the flagship, calling out "Almirante, Almirante," the Spanish for Admiral. When invited to come on board, the Indians refused until they heard Columbus's voice and, a light being held up, recognized his kindly features.

In the course of a three hours' visit Columbus learned that there had been grave trouble at La Navidad and that all of the Spaniards were dead. He was told that, in trying to protect them from the assaults of cannibal warriors under King Caonabo, whom the natives called "the King of the Golden Mountain," and his hostile followers, and from other Indians who resented the brutal treatment which some

of the Spaniards had given them, King Guacanagari had been wounded and so was unable to come out to the Admiral's boat. When Columbus went ashore in the early morning, the horrible truth was revealed. There was no company of Indians waiting to bid him welcome. The offer of gifts that had won their good will so readily before was unavailing now. Something was wrong.

Along the shore they found the bodies of four Spaniards, dead these many weeks; and when they sought the old fort, they saw only ashes where it had been burned to the ground. In the Indian cabins were various articles that had belonged to the little colony. In one place overgrown with grass lay the bodies of eleven white men who had paid the last penalty for the wrongs they or their fellows had done to the Indians. In time Columbus learned that some of the men he had left at La Navidad had sunk to a state of barbarism too dreadful to describe, and that the Indians, at first generous and kindly, had found the barbarities of the white men unbearable and had put an end to it all. The first colony in the New World had gone out in dishonor.

CHAPTER XI

TROUBLES IN ESPAÑOLA

1493-1496

ESPAÑOLA was no longer a paradise ; suspicion and treachery and hate had entered in. Even the good will of King Guacanagari had abated ; the Spaniards could no longer trust to his friendship.

On the north coast of the island, a few miles east of La Navidad,—the Christmas City of their once happy hopes,—they found a suitable harbor for their fleet, a beach of yellow sand, not over three hundred feet long, lying close beneath heavily wooded hills and flanked by swamps on either side ; and here the Admiral determined to plant his colony and build a city which should be the capital of the New World and bear the name of his great patron and beloved queen, Isabella.

The little beach witnessed a strange scene when the fleet discharged its cargo of flocks and herds and horses and Old-World merchandise and its motley company of fifteen hundred men — gentlemen unused to hardship or to toil, laborers, warriors, and sailors. Broad streets were surveyed and public buildings put up—a king's house for the smelting and storage of gold, a hospital already too sadly needed, a fortress, a temple for Christian worship, and a palace for the Admiral.

Scarcely were the foundations laid for this capital of the New World before the Admiral sent off exploring parties into the interior in search of the gold which

the Spanish treasury needed and every Spaniard coveted. These parties soon returned to Isabella to say that they "had found gold in more than fifty rivers and streams." And one of them, Dr. Chanca, wrote back to his home in Seville, "The Sovereigns, our Lords, from the present can consider themselves the most prosperous and richest Princes in the world." This Dr. Chanca is responsible for the most extravagant of all the crazy tales of gold that have come down to us from that day. In this same letter he wrote:—

The most splendid thing of all (which I would be ashamed to commit to writing if it had not been received from a trustworthy source) is, that a rock adjacent to a mountain, being struck with a club, a large quantity of gold burst out and particles of gold of indescribable brightness glittered around like sparks. Ojeda was loaded down with much gold by means of this outburst of the precious ore.

Assured as he now was that one of the great objects of the voyage had been accomplished, Columbus made haste to send twelve of his seventeen vessels back to Spain. With this returning expedition he dispatched a long letter to the King and Queen, in which he asked for supplies of wholesome food and medicines and live stock, and told of the founding of the capital city, Isabella, and the discovery of gold, and of his plans for collecting the gold and guarding it from the marauding Indians.

The letter contained one strange proposal, which the sovereigns were not ready to approve. It referred to the disposition that should be made of the fierce Caribs who had kept the friendly natives in terror and had threatened the Spanish colonists with ruin. Asking for large shipments of cattle for the colony,

Columbus proposed to pay for them "with slaves taken from among the Caribbees, who are a wild people fit for any work, well built and intelligent, and who, when they have got rid of the cruel habits to which they have become accustomed, will be better than any other kind of slaves. When they are out of their country," the Admiral wrote, "they will forget to be cruel."

This was the beginning of American slavery. To Europe, and particularly to Spain, the slave market was no unwonted sight; for African and Moorish slaves, the spoil of war, had always been bought and sold in Spanish cities. To the Admiral, who was trying to conduct a nation's business on a world scale without capital, there was nothing wrong in the idea of saving the islands for the peaceful natives and for their Spanish overlords by enslaving their common enemies, the Caribbean cannibals. He would thus make them a source of support for the Crown instead of putting them to death. Unhappily for Columbus's good name, the introduction of slavery proved the beginning of a reign of terror, and the story of Spanish occupancy in the West Indies was for many generations the story of cruelty and shame.

If we can believe the letters sent home to Spain from this second voyage, the Caribbean cannibals had little claim upon the mercy of their Spanish conquerors. "Sometimes they voyage a thousand miles in their canoes for the purpose of plundering. They feed the young and those that are thin of flesh with the greater care, and when well fattened devour them with avidity. They eat the captive women and children." From this horrid fate the captives in the cannibal islands had been fleeing to the Spaniards for

refuge, "entreating with floods of tears that they be not allowed to fall again into the hands of the cannibals to be butchered like sheep." It was these enemies of their kind, savage men waging inhuman warfare with poisoned arrows and devouring their human prey, whose enslavement the Admiral recommended. For the friendly natives he had only kind words and gentle treatment, giving to them freely, and protecting them, so far as he could, from the man-eating Caribs.

Unhappily for the seekers after gold, the largest stores of the precious metal were in the heart of the enemy's country. Every expedition was full of danger, for the hostile Indians were shrewd as well as treacherous. On one of the early expeditions a fort was erected in the richest part of the gold country, Cibao, and named Fort St. Thomas, because, as the Admiral said, "here one who doubted if there were gold might see it with his eyes and feel it with his hands." The way to reach this fort lay over the mountains; and the Spanish gentlemen of the party, who had never before worked with their hands, were made to build a road through the pass, which, because of their labors, the Admiral named *El Puerto de los Hidalgos*, "the Gentlemen's Pass."

For two years Columbus left the colony at Isabella in the charge of his brother Diego, and spent much of his time in the little *Niña* with a convoy of two other caravels, exploring the south coast of Cuba and the coast of Jamaica. The long voyage of exploration undermined the Admiral's health. More than once, worn out with the responsibilities of his task, as he kept his watch day and night to avoid the dangerous shoals and maintained his unceasing precautions against the sudden tropical storms,— he went thus

sleepless for a whole month at one time, — he broke down under the strain and had to be cared for like a helpless child.

As his exploration of the Cuban coast continued, he became firmly convinced that he was in the Chinese Sea. Under the influence of this conviction and the strain of nervous collapse from which henceforth he was never to be wholly free, he drew up a long and wordy document declaring that the land they were passing was "the mainland of the commencement of the Indies"; and he caused every man on board the three caravels, under penalty of having his tongue slit, to make oath "with one voice publicly that that was continental land, because they never saw an island having 335 leagues on one coast, and that before many leagues in sailing along its coast a land would be found where there are civilized people of intelligence who trade and who know the world."

This was in June. Three months later he was smitten with a deadly fever, so that his captains despaired of his life and hastened to get him back, helpless and unconscious, to the city of Isabella. Great was the sick man's joy when he awoke from his stupor to find his best beloved brother Bartholomew watching by his bedside. It had been years since the brothers had met. The coming of Bartholomew was a blessing to the colony. His cool, clear judgment, his strong will, his big, hearty, wholesome way made him a natural ruler as his elder brother was a natural leader. Excepting the two little boys, Diego and Ferdinand, who were ever in his thoughts, and the great Queen Isabella, whom he revered, Bartholomew was the one whom Christopher Columbus most loved, and the one whom he most needed.

During the Admiral's long absence things had gone wrong at Isabella. Diego Columbus, with all the Admiral's gentleness and sweetness, but without his firmness and force, had lost all control over the colony. Mutiny and rebellion thrived. A party of the disloyal conspirators returned to Spain despite Diego's protests, carrying to the sovereigns slanderous tales of the Admiral's administration in Española.

The many absences of the Admiral while engaged in Indian fighting or in exploring made it necessary for him to leave a competent man in command. Accordingly he appointed his brother Bartholomew *Adelantado*, — the Spanish for lieutenant-governor, — and whenever called away left him in full control of the company of restless and rebellious adventurers. The gentle and inefficient brother Diego returned to Spain, taking with him five hundred Carib prisoners of war to be sold into slavery for the benefit of the royal treasury.

There was not much trouble at Isabella when the Admiral was present to keep things in order. He dealt with men in a masterful way. In his presence it was not possible to forget that he represented the Crown of Spain and held the power of life and death. A weakling could not have kept order for a day; but his speech was persuasive, his air was commanding. He was an orator as well as a ruler. But when he was gone, discipline and authority faded away.

It was not long after Diego had weakly let the mischief-makers desert and return to Spain that the evil results began to appear. All the bitter criticism, the envious speeches, and the malicious stories that had found expression among the colonists while Columbus was away, the returning Spaniards carried home

with them. In the Spanish court it was not hard to find men who, in their jealousy of the Italian's growing influence, were willing to press these charges upon the sovereigns' notice.

An investigation was ordered; and Juan Aguado, supposed to be friendly to Columbus, was sent by the sovereigns to Española to conduct it. But, instead of carrying out his mission, Aguado assumed to act as the deputy of the Crown and removed Columbus from his post as Viceroy.

The Admiral received the royal inquisitor hospitably and bore with patience his unwarranted interference in the government of the colony. It was now nearly three years since Columbus had left Cadiz for the new world; and during all this time enemies both in Española and at the court of Spain had been seeking his overthrow. In March, 1496, he left Bartholomew in charge of the colony, and, in company with Juan Aguado, embarked in the little *Niña* to return to Spain and face his enemies at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

CHAPTER XII

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

1496-1499

It would not have been strange had Columbus received no welcome upon his return in 1496. During his long absence the slanders of enemies and envious men had been directed against his influence at court; his splendid promises of wealth had all been broken — his followers had gone out for gold and gems and had found war and pestilence; the “lands of spices” had cost Spain vast sums of money and so far had profited her nothing. Each returning vessel had brought reports that gold was about to be discovered, but each returning vessel had come back empty save for an occasional shipment of slaves. Those who had heard of Dr. Chanca’s rock, which burst into a flood of gold when smitten, wondered why the precious stuff, so plentiful in the Indies, had failed to find its way to Spain. The land was full of doubters. People did not understand that a new world had been found, nor did they comprehend or care that a new era in world history had begun. They wanted gold.

When Columbus came with Aguado, his inquisitor, to face his accusers at the court of Spain, he found Ferdinand the greedy and Isabella the gracious awaiting him at Burgos. This time there was no triumphal parade with all of Spain shouting his praises. The Admiral was always spectacular. He saw his visions of which the world knew nothing. He believed he

enjoyed the divine guidance, although no one shared this belief with him. Instead of wearing the scarlet cloak of the admirals of Castile, he came ashore at Cadiz clad in the somber robes of the Order of St. Francis, belted with a rope like the poorest monk that begged an alms along the roadside; and he presented himself before his sovereigns with a humility as great as his pride had been when last he had paid homage to them at Barcelona. He could not refrain, however, from bringing his thirty painted savages to present to his queen.

To his surprise, his reception was most friendly. The Queen ignored the accusations against him and pressed him with questions about the social life of the Indians and about their faith; she made him fair promises of enlarged authority and offered him a fleet which should enable him to find the great continent of Asia which he believed lay beyond the Caribbean Sea.

Nearly two years were lost before he was enabled to embark upon the third voyage. Spain had been engaged in a war with France that taxed her treasury heavily, and the sovereigns were busy with the marriages of the Spanish prince and princess. Instead of the gold from the Indies with which the Admiral was to fit out his new fleet, only a cargo of miserable slaves had arrived.

Lack of money was not the only difficulty in Columbus's way. Nobody was willing now to go with him. For five years men had been returning from the West broken with disease, and had been repeating the story of their disappointment wherever they could find a hearer. For five years, while the Admiral had been on the eve of discovering gold and jewels, his men had been writing of poverty and pestilence and death.

It was just as it had always been. No one but Columbus had faith in the value of his discovery. Spain was afraid of the "lands of spices." It became necessary again to open the prison doors and fill the Admiral's ships with convicts who were permitted to serve out the term of their imprisonment in the Indies instead of remaining in the prisons of Spain.

The first voyage was undertaken either "to discover new islands and mainland in the Ocean," as the Admiral's commission of 1492 declared, or to prove that India and the Far East could be reached by sailing westward, as he himself afterward claimed. The second voyage was for the purpose of colonizing the islands which had been discovered the year before. The third voyage, to find a continent, had as important an object as either of the others.

The first stop on this voyage of 1498 was at Porto Santo, where Columbus was happy to renew his acquaintance with the friends of other days. From Porto Santo the fleet continued to Gomera, where it divided, the Admiral sending three vessels direct to Española and taking the other three on a southward course toward the Equator. The voyage westward along the Equator was full of horrors. "The coming of the consuming heat," says the Admiral's journal, "was so sudden that there was no person who dared go below to care for the casks of wine and of water, and they swelled until the hoops burst. The wheat burned like fire, and the meat roasted and putrefied." This lasted for more than a week.

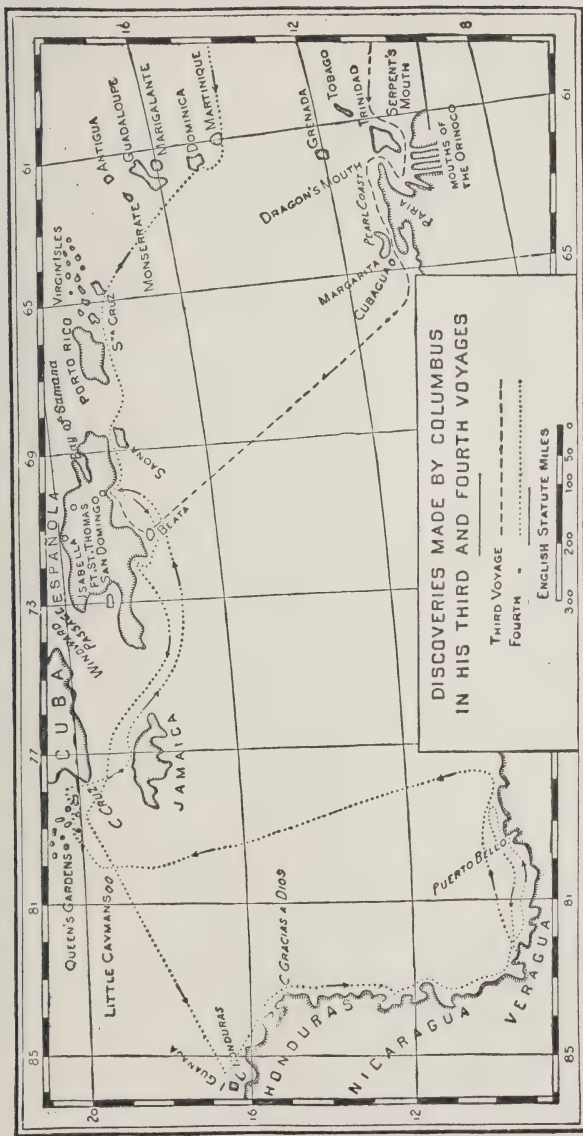
Columbus had embarked this time in the same pious spirit with which he entered upon every undertaking, dedicating the voyage and all its fruits to the Holy Trinity and praying the divine direction and help in all

that he should attempt. Believing himself to be God's own instrument for the discovery of new lands, he was not surprised on the morning of July the thirty-first to see upon the western horizon the convincing proof of the divine interest in his undertaking. Rising three thousand feet out of the sea were three mountain peaks apparently springing from a single base. In recognition of "the miracle," as he called it, and in keeping with his vow, he named the island Trinidad, or "the isle of the Trinity." There were the usual prayers and hymns of praise, "according to the custom of our sailors of Spain, who in trouble and in rejoicing are wont to say them."

The natives of Trinidad were gentle, like those Columbus had found on his first voyage, but more civilized, and, strange to say, much more shy. The Admiral's first experience with them and his impressions of them are given in his letter to Ferdinand and Isabella: —

They were whiter than any other Indians that I had seen, graceful and handsome, wearing their hair long and straight, and cut in the Spanish style. Their heads were bound round with cotton scarfs elaborately worked in colors, which resembled the Moorish head-dresses.

The natives hailed us from the canoe while it was yet afar off, but we could not understand them. I made signs to them for more than two hours to come nearer to us, but if by any chance they moved a little nearer, they soon pushed off again. I caused basins and other shining objects to be shown to them to tempt them to come near; and after a long time they came a little nearer. As I was anxious to speak with them, and had nothing else to show them to induce them to approach, I ordered a drum to be played upon the quarter-deck, and some of our young men to dance, believing the Indians would come to see the amusement. No



sooner, however, did they perceive the beating of the drum and the dancing than they all left their oars, and strung their bows, and each man laying hold of his shield, they commenced discharging their arrows at us.

A few days later he renewed his acquaintance with the people of Trinidad. He wrote : —

Some of the natives soon came out to the ship, to beg me, in the name of their King, to go ashore ; and when they saw that I paid no attention to them, they came in their canoes in countless numbers, many of them wearing pieces of gold on their breasts, and some with bracelets of pearls on their arms ; on seeing which I was much delighted, and made many inquiries, with the view of learning where they found them. They told me that they were to be procured in their own neighborhood. I would have remained here, but the provisions which I had brought out with so much care for the people at Española were nearly wasted, so that all my anxiety was to get them into a place of safety, and not to stop for anything.

I wished, however, to get some of the pearls that I had seen, and with that in view sent the boats ashore. The natives received our men most courteously. When our boats landed, two chiefs came in advance of the rest and conducted our people to a very large house with façades, and not round and tent-shaped as the other houses were. In this house they made our men sit down, and brought bread, with many kinds of fruits, and wines. . . .

I asked them where they found the gold, and they directed me to land not far to the west ; but they advised me not to go there, for fear of being eaten, and at the time I imagined that it must be because they were cannibals who dwelt there, but I have since thought it possible that they meant that the country was filled with beasts of prey. I also asked them where they obtained the pearls and again they directed me to the westward, and also to the north.

From Trinidad Columbus sailed toward the west and through the Gulf of Paria, made golden yellow by the

sands of the Orinoco River, and along the coast of Venezuela. He had found the continent he sought, but he did not know it.

The exposure to the equatorial heat and the strain of watching day and night to avoid the perils of unseen reefs and currents and sudden storms brought on a recurrence of his old trouble — blindness and sleeplessness and mental breakdown. Feverish visions came to him, and he confused what he remembered of Mandeville's travels and of scriptural prophecy with his dreams of his own divine guidance.

As he wondered at the beauty of the new island of Trinidad and the Gulf of Paria, and as he saw the strings of pearls and the ornaments of gold which the natives wore as if they were some very common thing, and as he marveled at the softness of the climate after the horrors of the tropic heat which he had just survived, he began to fancy himself at the portals of the Garden of Eden, so long lost to human ken.

As he saw the Orinoco pouring its mighty flood into the sea, he remembered Mandeville's description of the rivers that proceed out of Paradise, where "the water cometh down so outrageously from the high places above and runneth in such great waves that no ship may row or sail against it, and the water roareth so and maketh such a huge noise and so great tempest that one may not be heard though he cry aloud. Many great lords have tried to pass by these rivers toward Paradise and died for weariness, and many have become blind and many deaf for the noise of the water; . . . so that no mortal man may approach without special grace of God."

And so, feeling his blindness coming on, and half

crazed, no doubt, by suffering, he wrote to his sovereigns about this new way he had found to enter the Earthly Paradise through the mouths of the Orinoco River, — “ I believe it is impossible to ascend thither, because I am convinced that it is the spot of the Earthly Paradise, whither no one can go but by God’s permission.”

From the region of his miraculous isle of the Trinity and the gulf of pearls he pressed his voyage north and west, out of the portals of the Earthly Paradise toward what was far from a paradise now, and reached the south coast of Española three weeks later. As he neared the island, six Indians rowed out to his caravel with a greeting that sounded strange upon savage lips ; “ May it please God, no one is dead.” Not far behind them came Bartholomew, the Admiral’s beloved brother, full of affection, but bringing the story of two years of treason and rebellion in the unhappy Spanish colony.

CHAPTER XIII

CHAINS

1500

THE removal of the capital from Isabella on the north coast to San Domingo on the south had been made during the Admiral's absence in order that the colonists might be nearer the heart of the gold country. Malaria, which lurked in the swamps, had made life unbearable at Isabella. The constant menace from hostile Indians made it no easier at San Domingo.

Everything the evil minds and base passions of the Spanish convicts could suggest had been done to arouse the resentment of the natives, and there was no part of the island where the Indians were not threatening destruction to the Spaniards. But this was not all. The long absence of the Admiral had given rise to the belief among the colonists that his rule would no longer have the support of the Crown. Under the leadership of Francisco Roldan, as great a scoundrel as ever lived, rebellion had been maintained with some success for months. The first duty that fell to the Admiral's lot was to make terms with the rebels; the next, to restore peace, if he could, with the much-abused Indians.

The spread of slavery had gone on insidiously. First, only the cannibals were to be taken; but later, as the Spanish brutalities had made enemies of the hospitable and peace-loving natives, it was an easy matter to enslave them under the pretense that they were prisoners

of war. Besides actual enslavement, a labor system had been adopted by which each native was required to produce a certain amount of gold. This system naturally kept the natives in a state of unrest bordering upon revolt.

Roldan and his rebels had supporters at home, who circulated throughout Spain every malicious story that came from the West. Ferdinand Columbus and his elder brother Diego, then in service as pages at the court of Isabella the Queen, had to suffer for their father's supposed shortcomings. Ferdinand in his history has left this account of the way his father's enemies pursued him : —

When I was at Granada, at the time the Prince died, more than fifty Spaniards who had just returned from the Indies, as men without shame, bought a great quantity of grapes and seated themselves in the court of the Alhambra, crying aloud and saying that the Sovereigns and the Admiral made them live in this poor fashion on account of the bad pay they received, with many other dishonest and unseemly things which they continued to repeat. Such was their effrontery that when King Ferdinand came forth they all surrounded him, saying, " Pay ! Pay !" and if by chance I and my brother, who were pages to the most serene Queen, happened to pass where they were, they shouted to the very heavens, " Look at the sons of the Admiral of Mosquito Land, the man who has discovered the lands of deceit and disappointment, a place of sepulcher and misery to Spanish gentlemen," and added many other insults.

It was unfortunate for the Admiral that the peace he made with the rebel Roldan sent that unscrupulous liar home to Spain at this critical time in company with a cargo of slaves. A number of these slaves had been given to the shipmasters in payment for the use of the boats. The rest were to be sold. When the

Queen learned that the slaves were neither cannibals nor prisoners properly taken in war, her gentleness gave place to righteous anger and she cried, "What right has he to give away my subjects?" Orders were given to send the slaves back to their homes. The time had come to inquire into the government of the Indies and to learn whether the endless complaints against the Admiral were just or not.

Whatever talents Christopher Columbus had, it was plain that he had not been able, amid disease and poverty and war, to govern a colony of adventurers and convicts to the satisfaction of the colonists. But his failure was not wholly his fault. The character of the men who had gone to Española in search of adventure and of gold made the government of the island very difficult. There were no Spanish women and children in the island. Until Ferdinand and Isabella sent Spanish families, under Ovando's direction in 1502, to establish civilized homes, all efforts to colonize Española had failed. For years there had been living among the once happy natives hundreds of Spain's worst men, who threw off the restraint of honor and of decency and obeyed only their own vicious desires. Over such men the Admiral's authority was never strong. When he tried to rule them with gentleness, they took advantage of him. When he became severe, they rebelled.

While Christopher Columbus was restoring order in Española, pacifying some of his rebels and putting others to death, and trying to convince the Indians that he at least was their friend, a crisis had arisen in his affairs in Spain. The Sovereigns sent to San Domingo a judicial commissioner to investigate colonial affairs and do what he thought best to restore a

fit government to the island. The man they chose as their representative in this mission was Francisco de Bobadilla; and to him they intrusted a letter to Columbus, which read as follows:—

The King and the Queen: Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean-Sea. We have directed Francisco de Bobadilla, the bearer of this, to speak to you for us of certain things which he will mention; we request you to give him faith and credence and to obey him. From Madrid, May 26, '99. *I, the King. I, the Queen.*

It was August in 1500 when Bobadilla reached San Domingo. Brother Diego was in command at the capital; the brothers Christopher and Bartholomew were engaged in their chief pursuit, pacifying the Indians. Bobadilla lost no time in investigation, but took over the entire government of the island at once—put Diego in chains, called the Admiral's enemies into his councils, and sent for the Admiral and the Adelantado to come and surrender. He seized the Admiral's house and carried away all his property—his books, his papers, and his money. Immediately upon his return to San Domingo, Christopher Columbus was thrown into prison, where he remained for two months with no information as to what was to be done with him and in daily expectation of death.

When they desired to place the irons upon the Admiral [says Las Casas], no one was found who would put them on, because of reverence and pity, except one, his cook, Espinosa, ungrateful and shameless, who fastened them on with as impudent a face as if he were serving him with some new and delightful dish. . . .

When Alonzo de Villejo, who was to take him to Spain, came to remove him from the prison to the ship, the Admiral asked with a profound sadness, which well proved the strength of his fears,—

"Villejo, whither are you taking me?"

Villejo answered, —

"Your Lordship is going to the ship to embark."

Still doubting, the Admiral asked again, —

"Villejo, is this true?"

And Villejo replied, —

"By the life of your Lordship, it *is* true that you are going to embark."

With these words the Admiral was greatly moved and brought back almost from death to life.

After the vessel had commenced its voyage to Spain, Villejo came to the Admiral's cabin to take away the chains; but Columbus refused, declaring that he would wear them until he had knelt in them before his sovereigns. He kept the chains among his treasures. His son Ferdinand wrote, long after his death, "I always saw them in his room."

It was while he was crossing the ocean, distressed and in doubt whether he should ever have a trial or secure a hearing from the Queen, that he wrote to a lady of the court who had been nurse to Prince Juan and was an intimate friend of Queen Isabella, telling of his sorrows and humiliation, in the evident hope that thus he might reach the sympathies of the Queen.

"Hope in the Creator of all men sustains me," he writes. "His help was always very ready; not long ago, when I was still more overwhelmed, He raised me with His right arm, saying, 'O man of little faith, arise, it is I; be not afraid.'" Then, after recounting his service to his Queen, he continues: "I have reached such a condition that no one is so vile but thinks he may insult me. If I were to steal the Indies from the altar of St. Peter and give them to the Moors, they could not show greater enmity towards me in Spain."

Columbus went on shore in chains at Cadiz in No-

vember, 1500, carrying himself with all the added majesty of martyrdom. There was a revulsion of feeling. Those who had found fault with him now condemned his persecutor, Bobadilla, in unmeasured terms. The letter Columbus wrote from his prison on the Spanish ship quickly reached the Queen's hands; and instantly there came to Cadiz the royal command for the release of the Admiral and his two brothers, who had also been brought prisoners to Spain, and an invitation to them to come at once to court at Granada. With the invitation came a large sum of money.

The meeting of Columbus and Isabella was pathetic. The audience was a private one. Columbus, although not fifty years old, was already venerable, broken in health and in mind. Queen Isabella had had many cares and some lasting sorrows, but she still kept the look of youth that was so large a part of her beauty. The sight of the white-haired Admiral, who had done so much for Spain, treated like a criminal and subjected to humiliation because of the perverted execution of her own commands, — degraded but not dishonored, — swept away her royal reserve. As they met — Spain's greatest queen and the world's greatest admiral — the two cried like little children.

As speedily as it could be done, the confidence of the King and Queen in their Admiral was made known in the New World as well as in the Old. A new governor, Nicholas de Ovando, was sent to San Domingo to serve for two years. He took with him twenty-five hundred colonists and the determination to redeem the good name of Española. Roldan was arrested, and Bobadilla was impeached.

CHAPTER XIV

A ROUGH AND WEARY WORLD

1502-1506

SPAIN'S efforts to wring gold out of her western possessions at last began to succeed. But Columbus, who had made this success possible, had not shared in the profits. To him nothing had come but royal compliments and royal promises, and the value of these he had learned all too well. His right to rule the Indies had been taken from him. Furthermore, his share as partner with the sovereigns was accumulating in the hands of the royal governor, while he himself, unable to get a hearing from the King and Queen, was forced to live on borrowed money. It was partly as a method of putting off the Admiral's claims that the King determined to send him upon another voyage and so get rid of his importunities for a while.

Although Columbus never gave up his belief that the lands he had discovered were a part of Asia, he seems to have satisfied himself at last that Haiti, which he called *Española*, and Cuba were not the same as the *Cipango* and *Cathay* of Marco Polo. He now offered to prove to the sovereigns that the civilized countries of the Far East, Japan and China and India, could be found by continuing his explorations westward through a strait which, he believed, connected the two oceans at Panama. In this way he planned, for this final enterprise of his life, a voyage around the world.

In May of 1502, with one hundred and fifty men and a fleet of four boats, the Admiral sailed on his fourth and last voyage to the Indies, taking with him his brother Bartholomew and his younger son Ferdinand, now thirteen years old.

Although the King and the Queen had lost faith in their Viceroy and Governor of the Indies, they still believed in their Admiral of the Ocean-Sea. And well they might, for Columbus had proved himself the foremost sailor of all time.

The approach to Española brought little satisfaction to the Admiral. His government of the island had failed, and his authority over it had been taken away. The Indians, once his friends, had turned from him. The Spanish colonists, to whom he had always shown kindness, had betrayed him. And, more bitter still to contemplate, by royal command, he, Viceroy and Governor of the Indies, was forbidden to enter the harbor of San Domingo, where Ovando held absolute sway. The appearance of Columbus at the island just at this time, when the new governor was trying to restore order out of chaos, would doubtless have made trouble; and it was in fairness to Ovando that their majesties had forbidden the Admiral to visit the colony on his outward voyage.

Despite royal orders, Columbus in June sought entrance to the harbor of San Domingo, where all he had on earth was in Ovando's care. But the governor denied his request. Twenty-eight vessels were lying at anchor, ready to return to Spain. On these the governor had loaded the royal treasure and also the gold and other property of Columbus. In the same fleet he was sending to Spain the Indian chief Guarionex, with whom Columbus and his captains had had many a



COLUMBUS IN HIS LATER YEARS

Detail from painting by Niccolo Barabino in the Orsini Palace, Genoa

bloody struggle for the control of Española; also two other prisoners awaiting trial — Roldan, the rebel, and Bobadilla, the Admiral's most cruel enemy.

Columbus had asked admittance at the port of San Domingo that he might exchange an unseaworthy boat for one better fitted to continue with him the voyage around the world. While he waited outside the harbor,



AN INDIAN

As pictured by Columbus's contemporary, De Bry

a reason arose which made it an act of cruelty to refuse to admit his fleet. A tropic hurricane was at hand. Columbus alone, through his intimate knowledge of sea and sky, had understood the ominous signs. Not only did he ask shelter for his own boats; he warned Governor Ovando against sending the royal fleet to Spain. But request and warning alike remained unheeded.

For Columbus and his precious little fleet, there was no time to lose. They found such shelter as they could outside the harbor and waited for the storm, while the twenty-eight foolhardy ships sailed forth to their destruction. Guarionex and Roldan and Bobadilla were lost at sea. The royal treasure sank. Twenty-seven of the boats were destroyed or disabled. A single vessel weathered the tropic storm. It was the one that bore to Spain the treasure of Christopher Columbus so long withheld.

Columbus pushed on toward the coast of Central America, where he pursued his explorations south and east from Honduras for an entire year. He again found

gold — so much that he began to fancy he had discovered King Solomon's mines. But the finding of gold was accomplished only through unspeakable hardship. The natives were the most savage he had ever met, storms beset the fleet continually, and a waterspout threatened the boats with destruction.

Columbus's attacks of illness became more frequent and more severe, until he was compelled to spend much of his time in bed on the upper deck, issuing from the sick-bed his orders for sailing or for battle. He had grown old. His years were not many, but they had been full of hard experiences which had worn him out before his time. Exposure and disease had broken his body. His mind was not always clear.

All hope was gone [he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella]. I toiled up to the highest part of the ship, and with trembling voice and fast-falling tears I called upon your Highnesses' war-captains from each point of the compass to come to my help, but there was no reply. At length, worn out, I fell asleep, and I heard a compassionate Voice say to me: "O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God. . . . From thine infancy He has kept thee under his watchful care. . . . He gave thee for thine own the Indies which form so rich a part of the world. . . . He gave thee the keys of those barriers of the Ocean-Sea which were closed with such mighty chains." And then the Voice ended by saying, "Fear not. Trust. All thy troubles are written in marble."

The story of the year is the story of warfare, shipwreck, hunger, and disease. The ships were rotten and honeycombed by worms. It was no longer possible to continue the explorations, and the two surviving boats started northward toward Española. At a place now called Don Christopher's Cove, on the north coast of Jamaica, the two boats began to sink and were run

ashore, where they were rebuilt into a rude shelter house. Columbus and his men found themselves without provisions and without means of escape, among natives who, at any time, might set fire to their shelter and put them all to death. Española lay one hundred and sixty miles away, across a stormy sea; and San Domingo, where the nearest Spaniards were, was perhaps five hundred miles farther to the east.

Volunteers were called for who would dare to go in a log canoe in the face of almost certain death to ask Governor Ovando to send a vessel to the relief of the Admiral. One of the bravest men in all history, Diego Mendez, offered to try. For five days and four nights Mendez paddled his rude dug-out over the dread waters, "during which time the oar never left his hands." Indians with him died of thirst. On the last night, when hope had died, Mendez watched the full moon rise and across its face traced the outlines of a low range of mountains. They were the mountains of Española. The dangers of the voyage were over.

It was a year before the relief came which Diego Mendez sought. In Columbus's camp mutiny broke out among the Spaniards, who resented the Admiral's strict rule; and Francisco de Porras, leader of the rebels, led his followers to the Admiral's sick-bed to present their demands. As Porras left, Columbus staggered from his bed to put down the revolt. Bartholomew, who had hastened to his brother's relief, fought Porras until he had taken his sword from him; but the rebels escaped and in their forbidden raids over the island aroused the enmity of the natives and again put Columbus and his loyal followers in peril of their lives.

Columbus evaded this new danger only through his knowledge of astronomy. Just as the Indians were about to destroy him, he announced that unless they made friends with the Spaniards and provided them with the food they required, the face of the full moon would be darkened and the wrath of God be made plain. An eclipse was due. As the unwonted darkness came on, the natives became convinced, as Columbus himself was, of his divine protection, and promised him all that he asked.

At last the relief ship came from San Domingo and bore the shipwrecked sailors to a place of safety. When they reached Española, two boats were given the Admiral to take him to Spain. One of these broke down; but the other, pursued to the very end by storms and terrors, arrived at San Lucar in Spain, with Columbus and his son Ferdinand, in November, 1504. The fourth voyage had ended in failure. Columbus had not discovered the Orient, and he had brought no treasure with him.

Sad news greeted the broken man when he reached Spain. Queen Isabella was dying. In the critical periods of his career, she alone had believed in him. He had served her with a devotion equaled only by the love he bore his church. When the blow fell, Columbus wrote to his son Diego, who was a page in the dead Queen's household, bidding him "affectionately and with great devotion to commend the soul of the Queen, our Lady, to God. Her life," he added, "was always holy, and so we must believe that she is in His glory and beyond the desires of this rough and weary world."

There was much to be done before Christopher Columbus could set his own house in order. He loved

both his boys tenderly; his letters to them were always signed, "Your father, who loves you more than himself." He reminded Diego of his duty toward Ferdinand, then sixteen years old. "Take good care of your brother," he wrote. "Treat him as an elder brother ought to treat a younger. He is all you have, and praised be our Lord, he is such a one as you need very much"; and again, "Ten brothers would not be too many for you. I never found better friends than my brothers."

The honors that King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella had promised him, to be hereditary Admiral and Viceroy and Governor, were precious to him for the sake of the sons to whom these honors were to pass by right. The wealth that was due him from the lands of his discovery he valued in the hope he had had of making it serve the glory of God through the promotion of a new crusade. He had planned a splendid system of benevolence for Genoa, the city of his birth, by which its poor might be saved from want through the gifts he was providing in his will. But the honors and the wealth were still withheld, and the Queen whose faith in him had inspired the promise of them was dead.

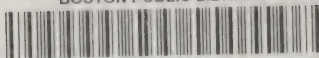
So frail that at one time, in going from city to city, he had to be carried in a litter, because he could ride safely in no other way, he continued his entreaties to the King to advance him money enough to pay the poor sailors who had returned unpaid from the last voyage, and to consider the justice of his own demands. This continued for more than a year. In the spring of 1506 he had followed the King to Valladolid and was living at a public inn, still waiting and hoping, and hoping in vain, that the King would give

him a hearing. The burden of age and disease and racking pain bore no less heavily upon him than the sense of the injustice he had to bear.

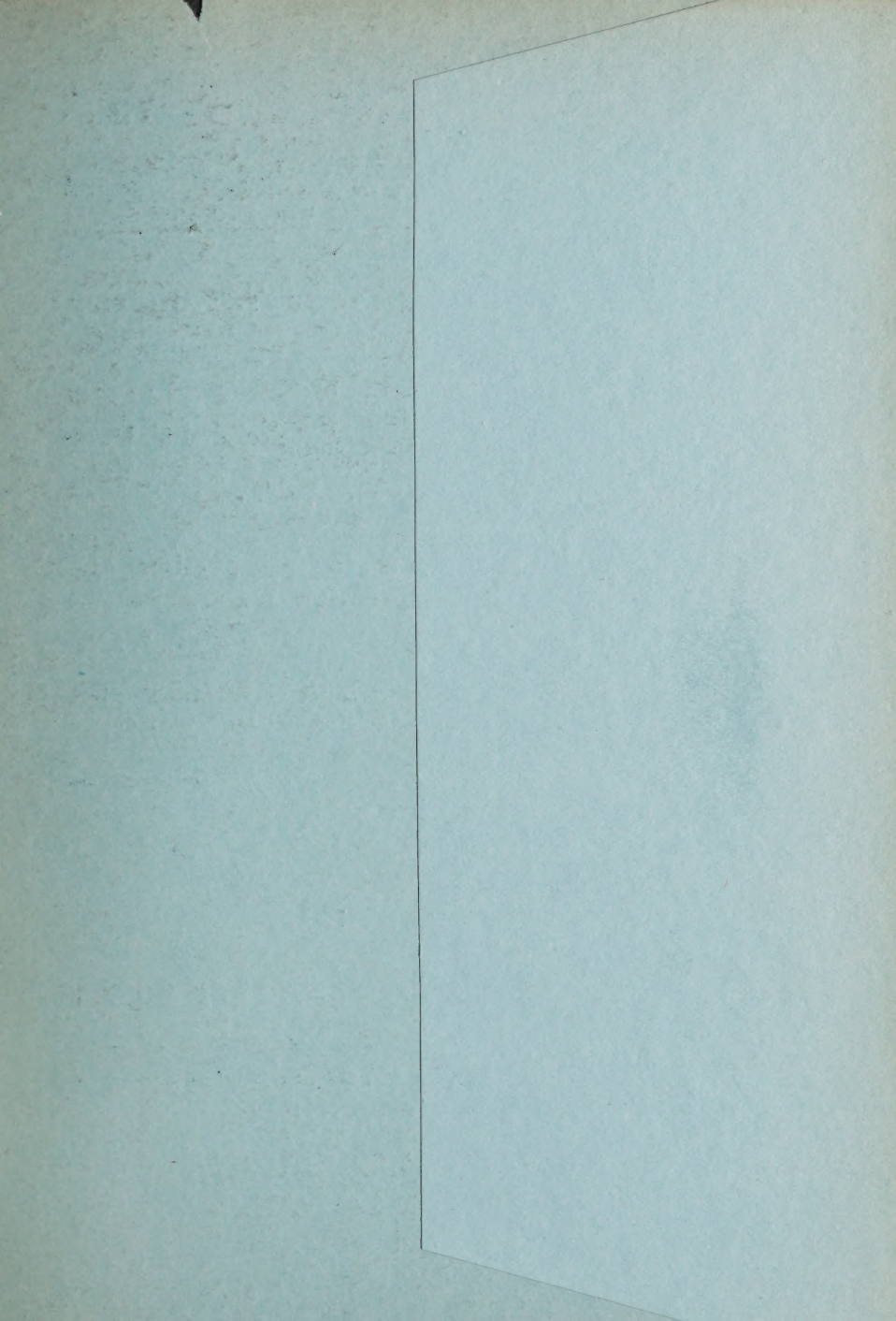
Upon the walls of his little room in the inn hung the chains that Bobadilla had made him wear. In his feverish dreams were visions of a new world for his faith to conquer and a new Eden made real to him again. But he could not always dream. On the twentieth of May, 1506, the end came. He whispered the prayer, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and turned his face to the wall. Like his beloved Queen, he had "passed beyond the desires of this rough and weary world."

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